

# DOLL MAN

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SUMMER  
ISSUE

*Quarterly*

No. 9

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*The*  
**DOLL MAN,**  
*Mighty Mite*  
*of POWER,*  
*again lashes*  
*into*  
**ACTION!**

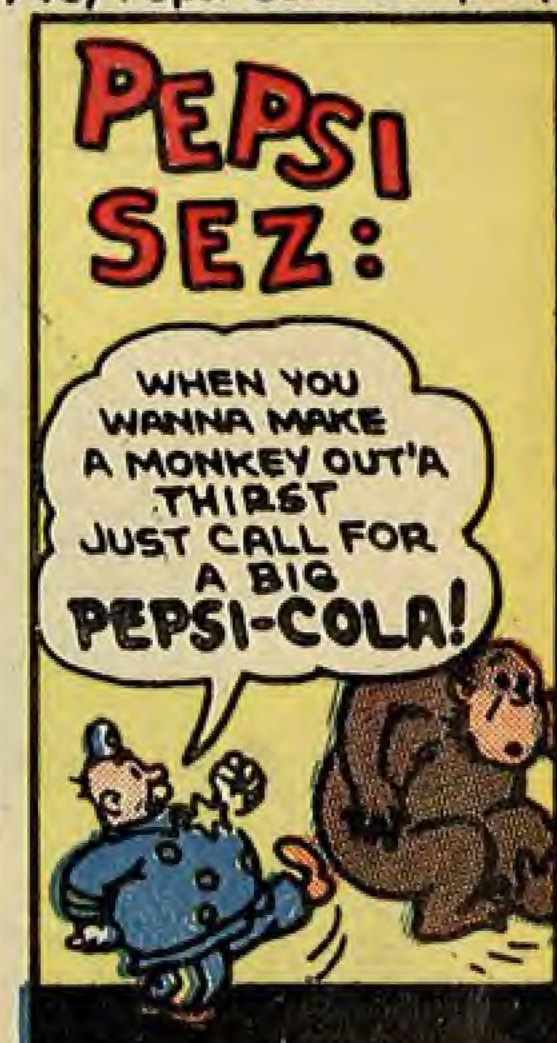
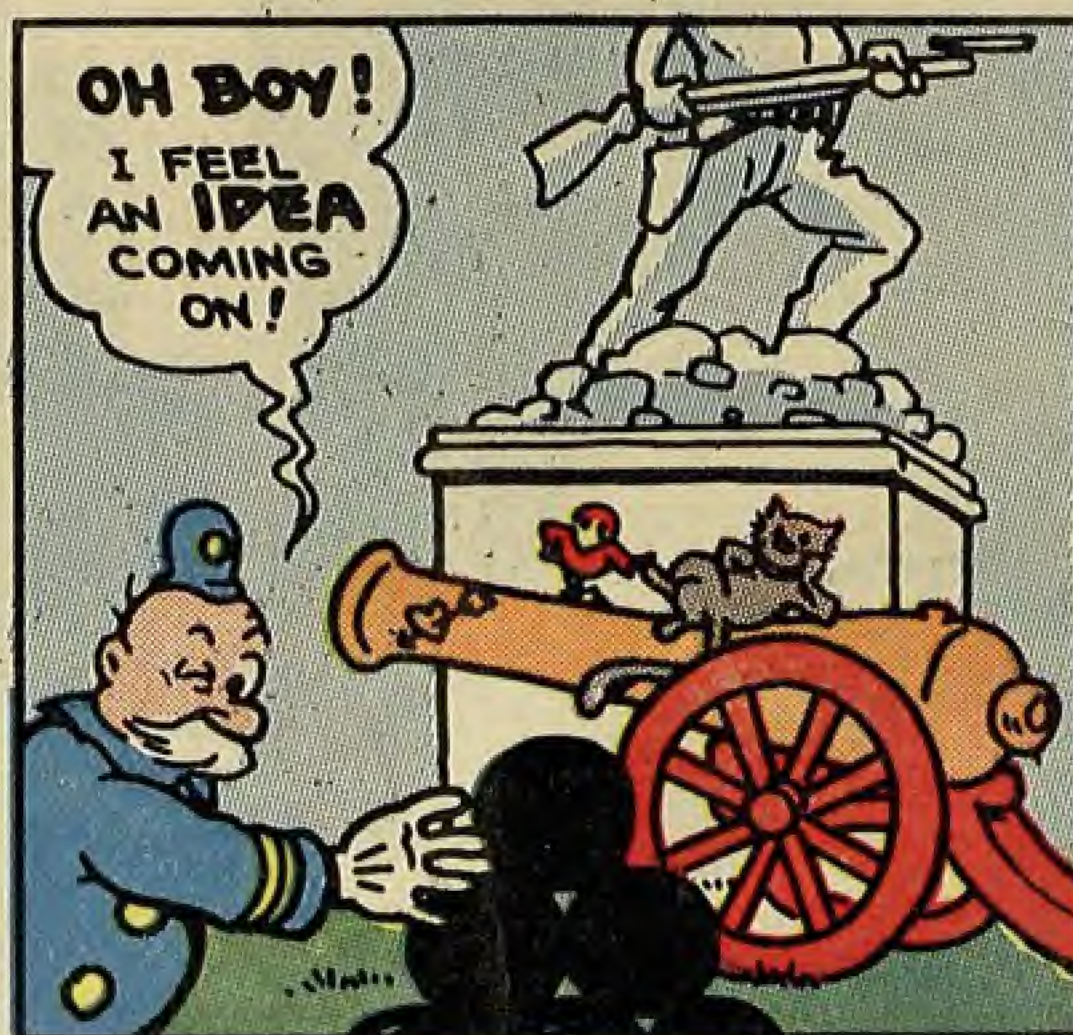
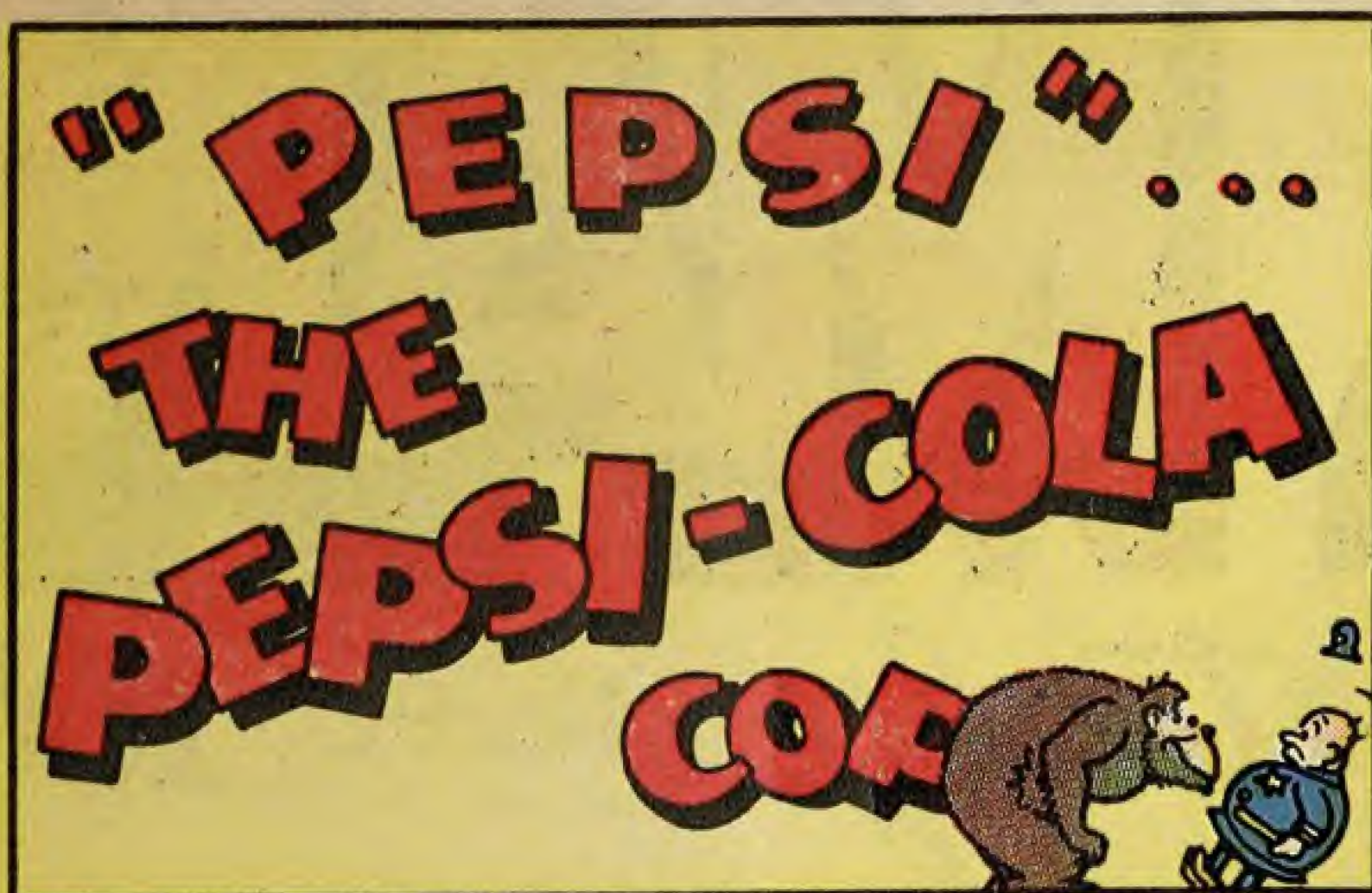






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# THE DOLL MAN



The DOLL MAN had encountered killers before, but they were creatures of flesh and blood who could feel the dynamic blows of the Mighty Mite!

The DRESS SUIT, however, was different... horrible -- and uncanny.... for here was a distinguished suit of clothes enclosing nothing -- a murderer without a body!



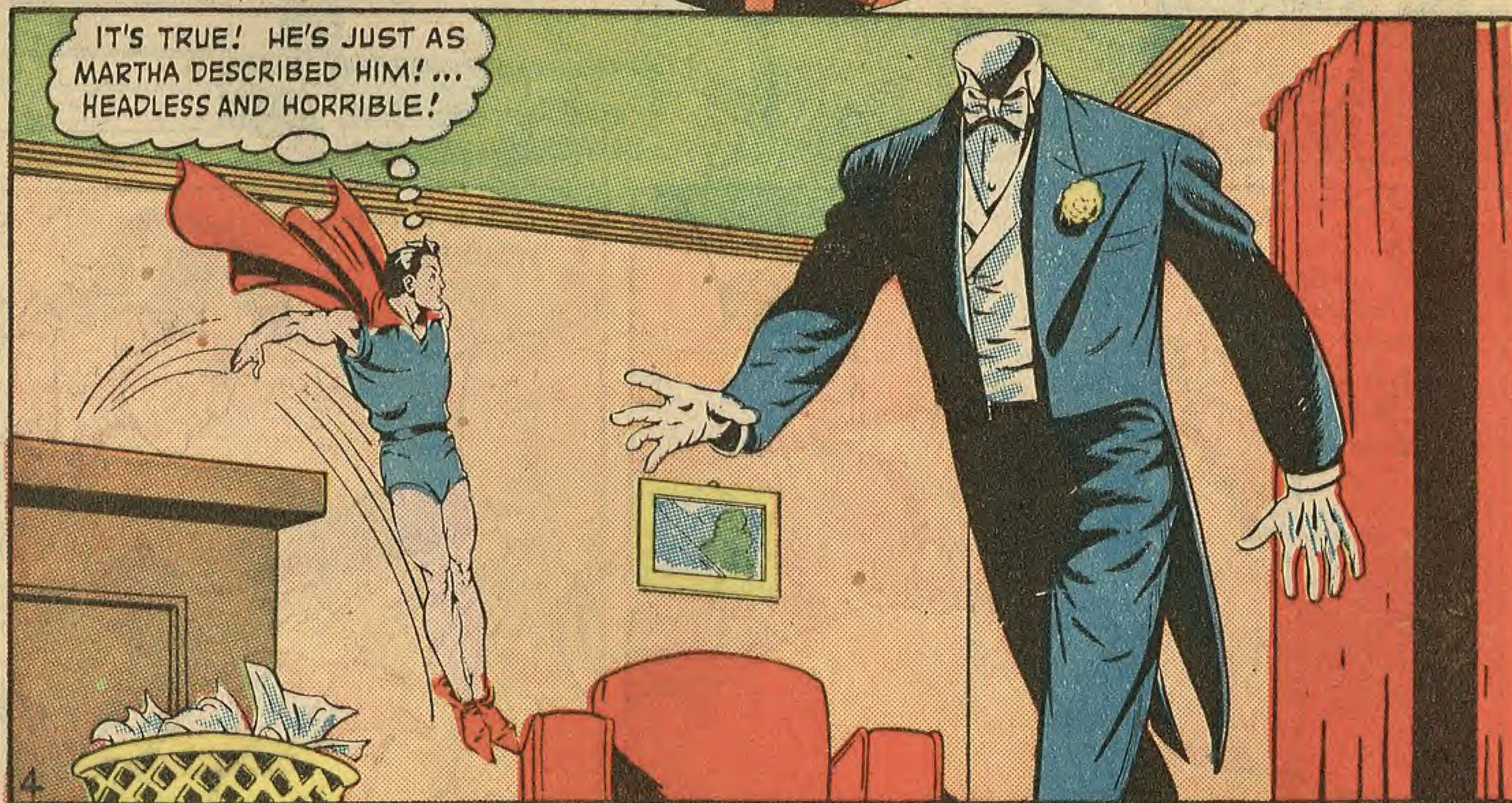
As Martha Roberts makes her way home from a late shopping tour...



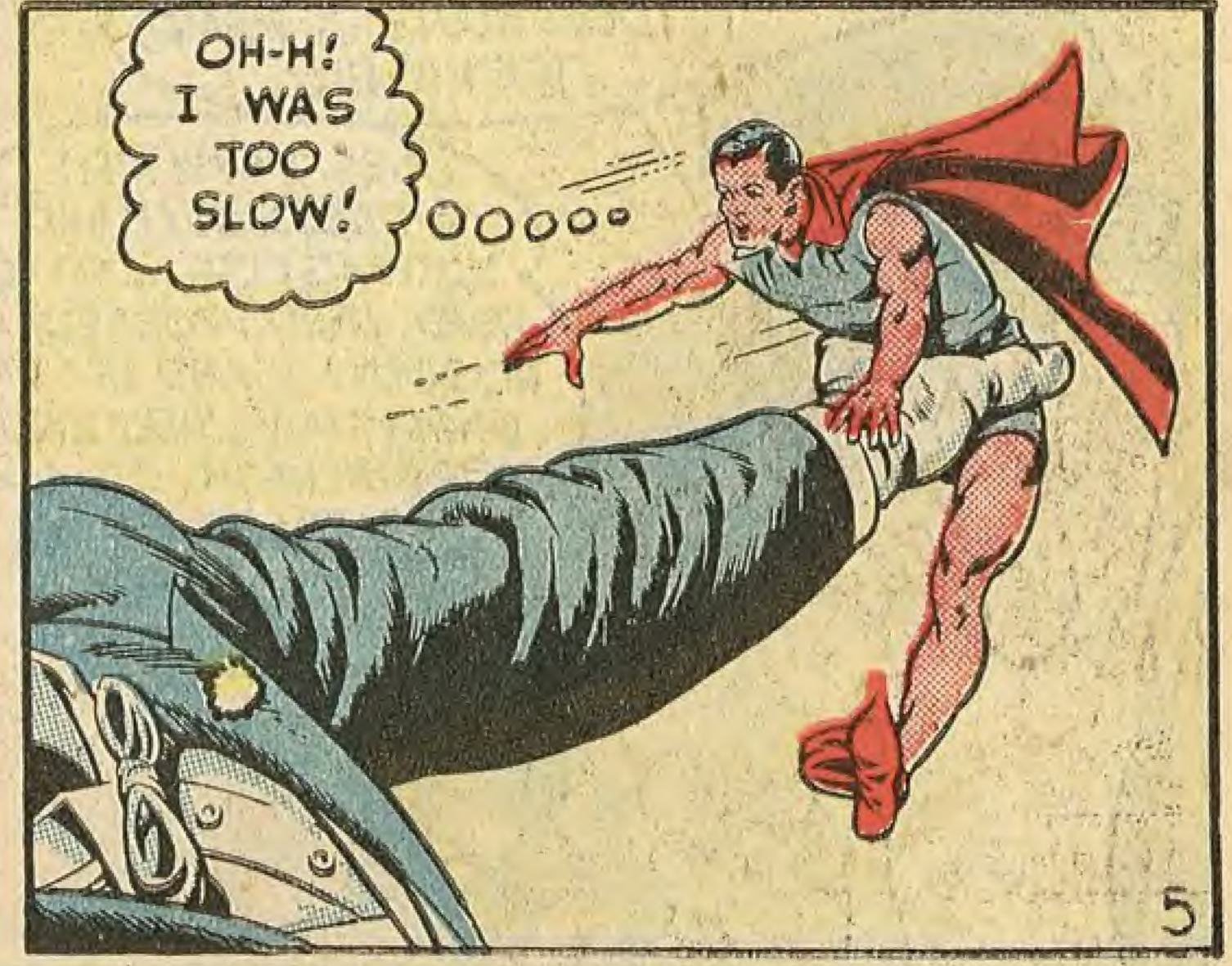
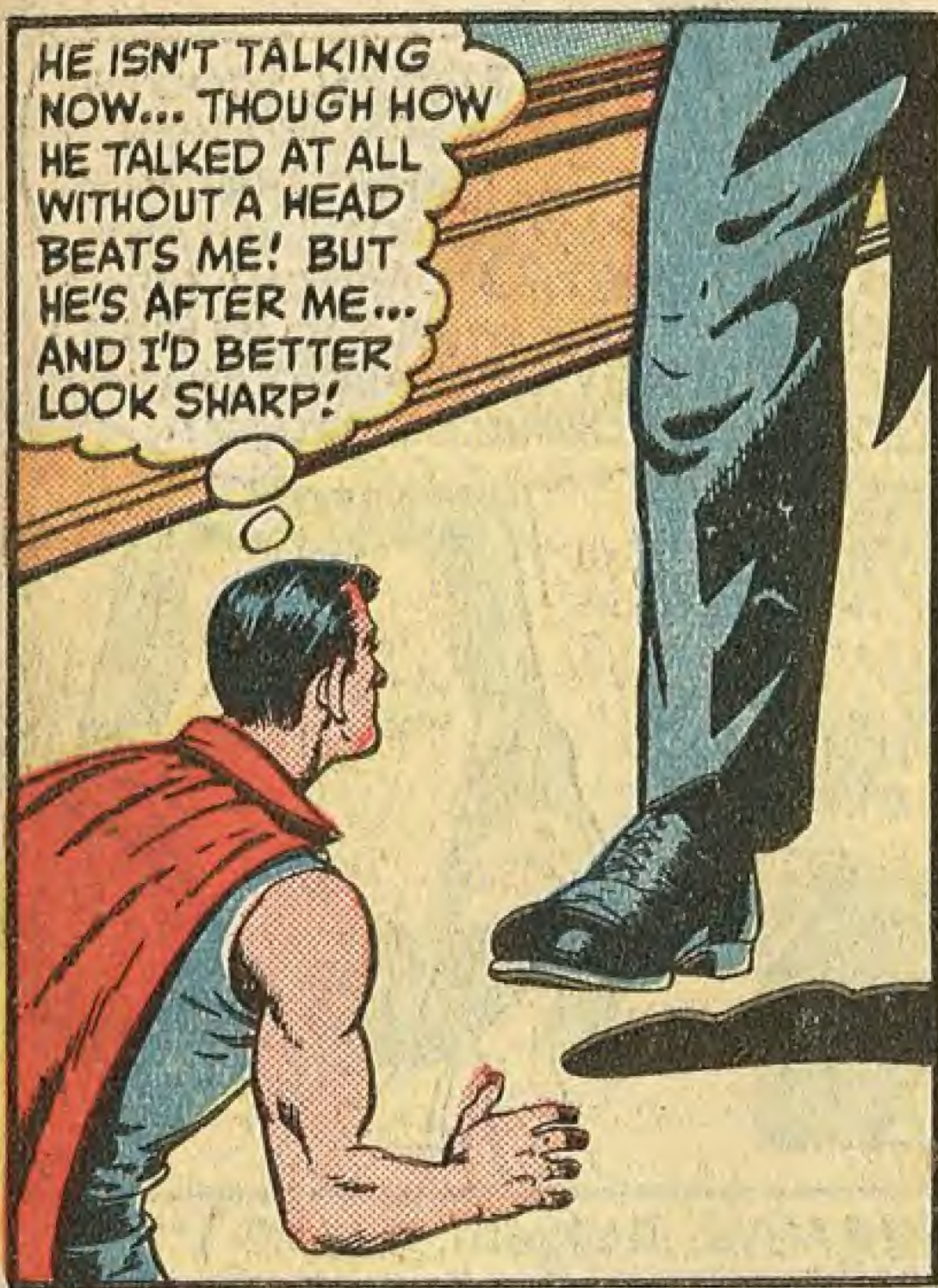




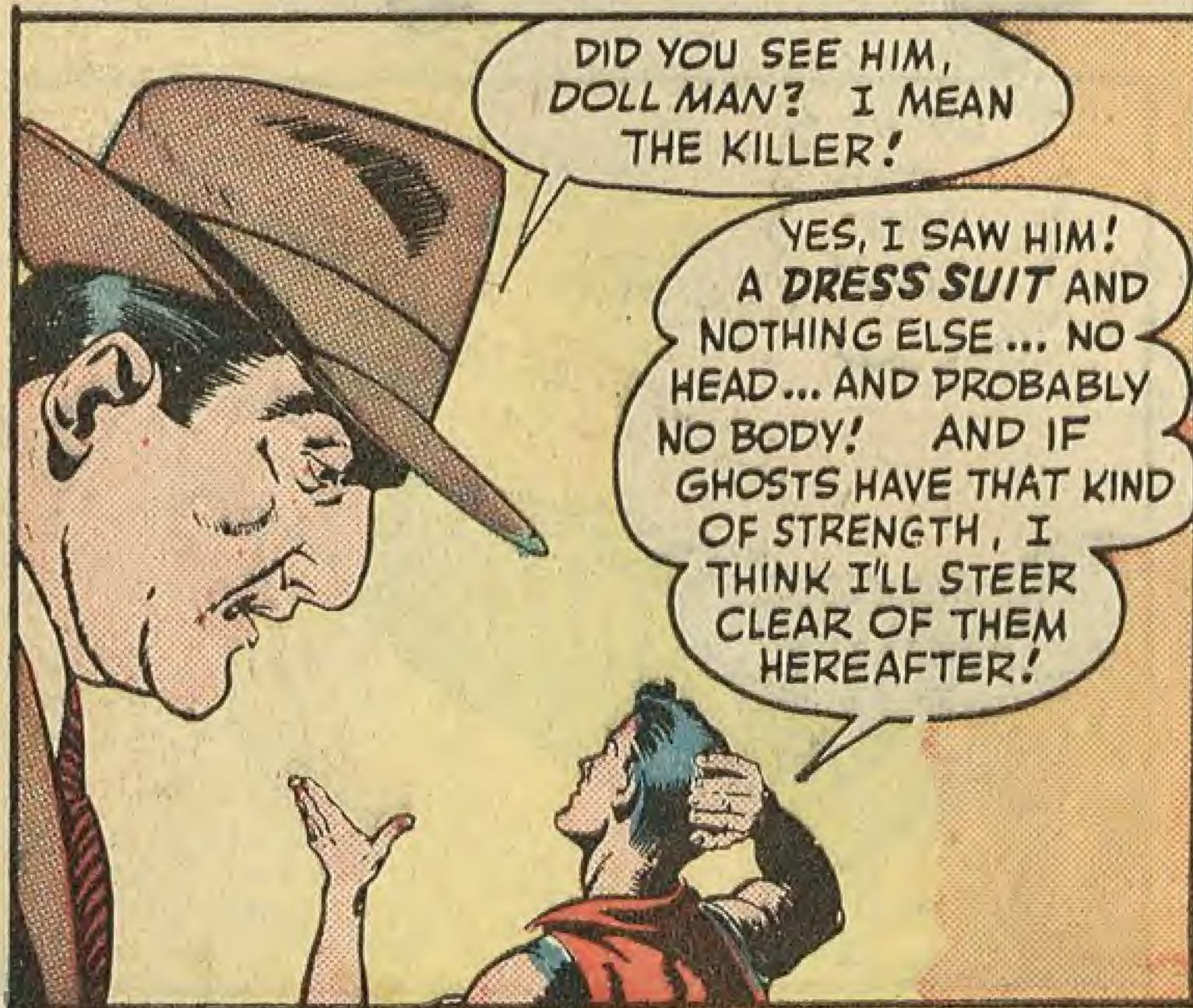




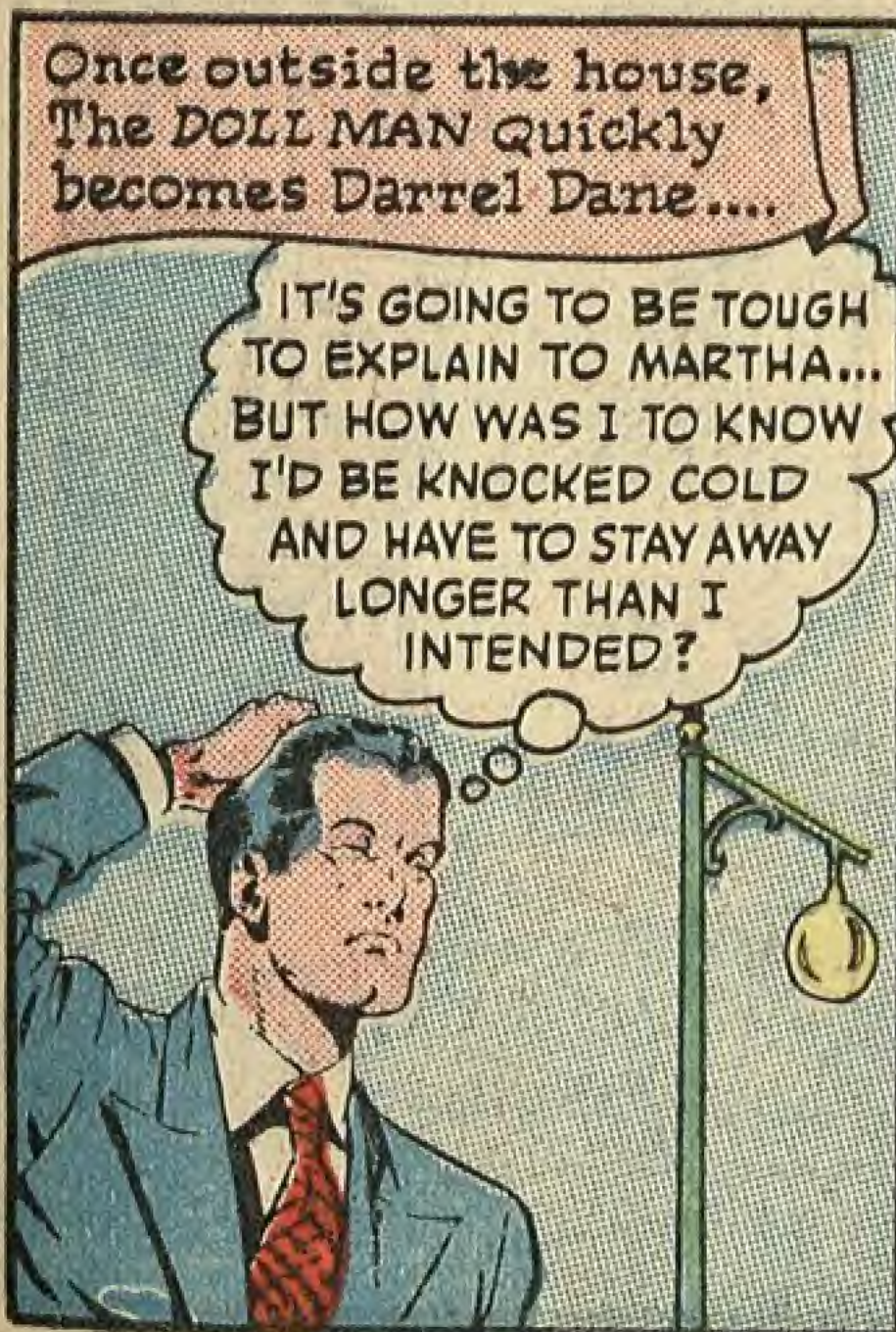
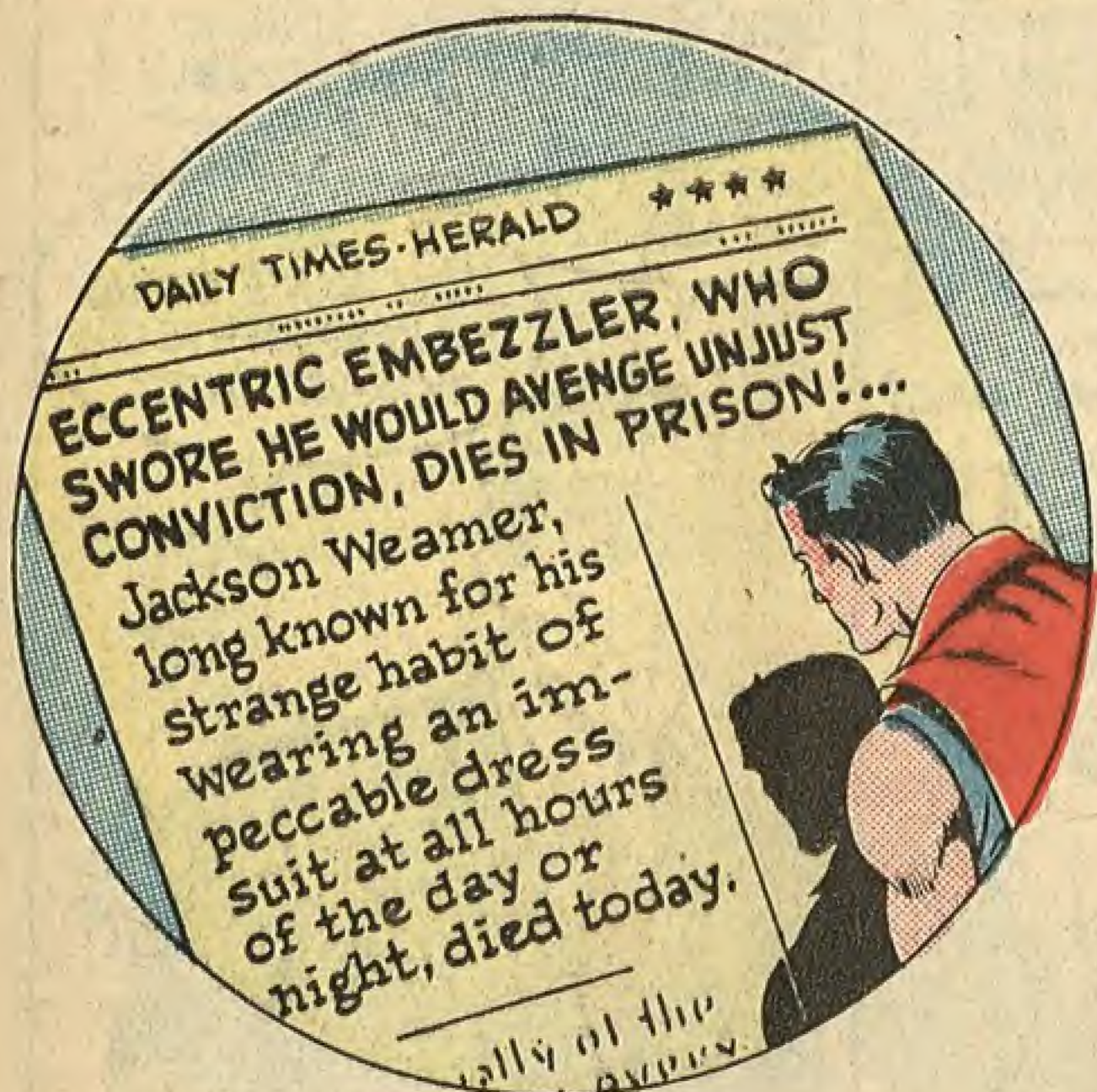




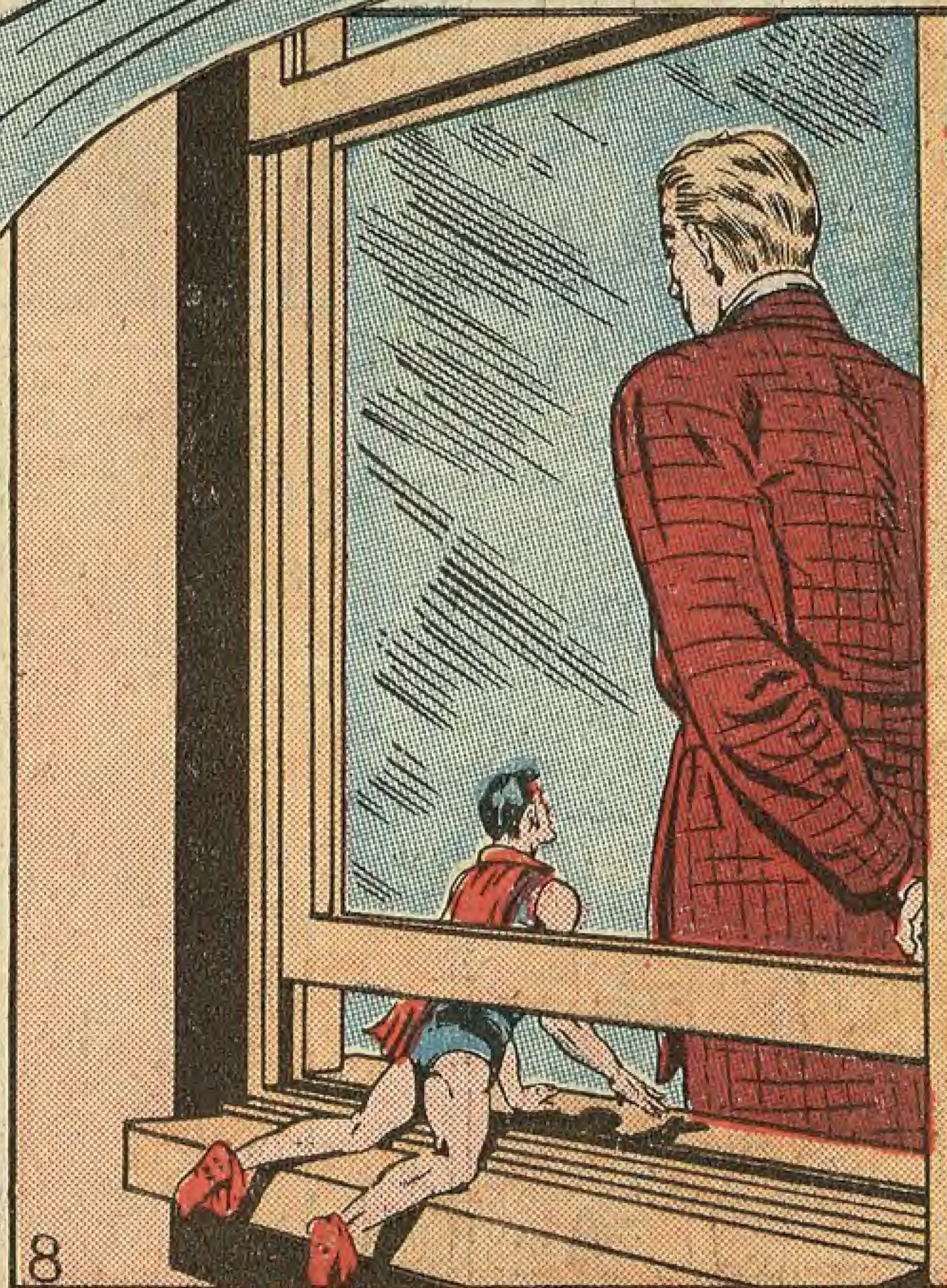
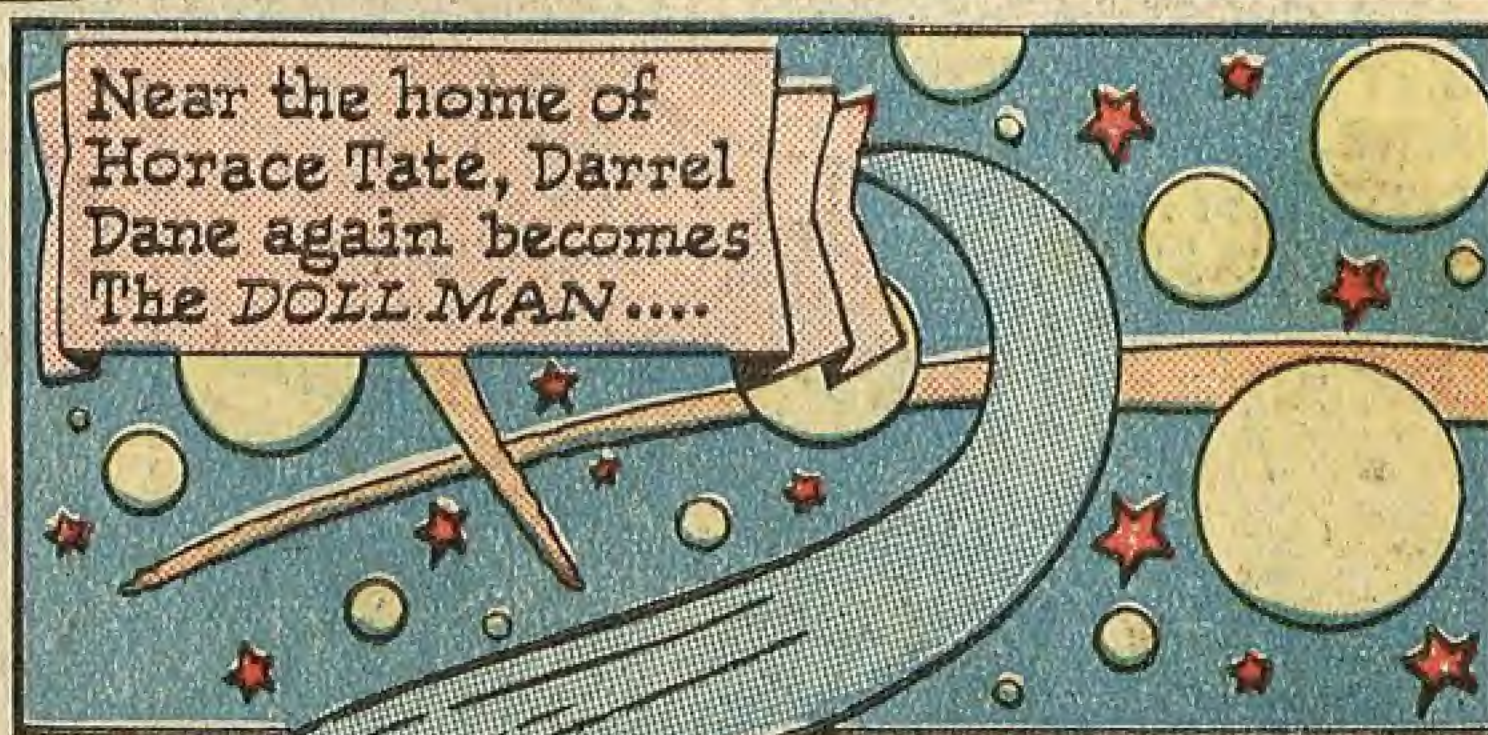




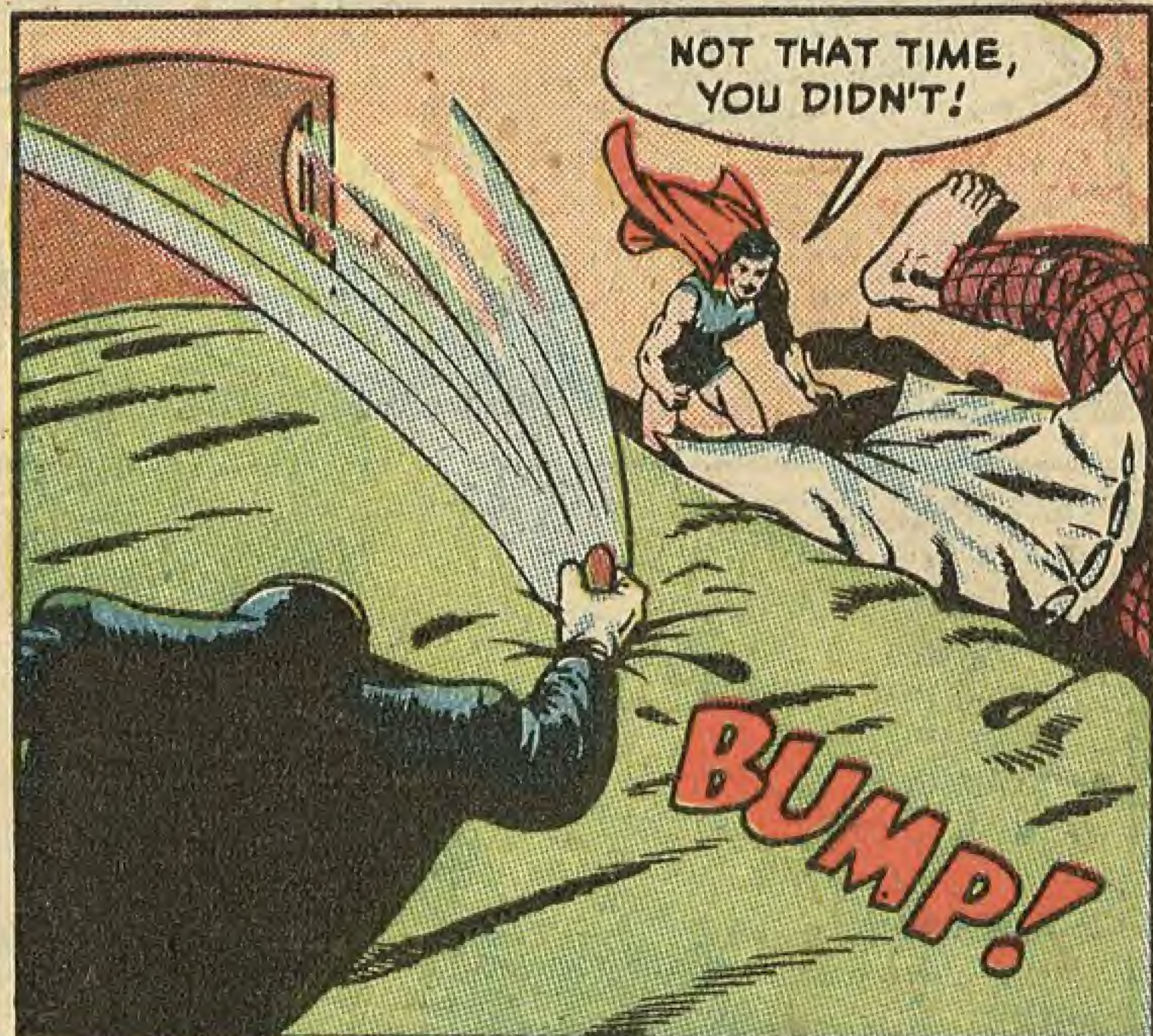




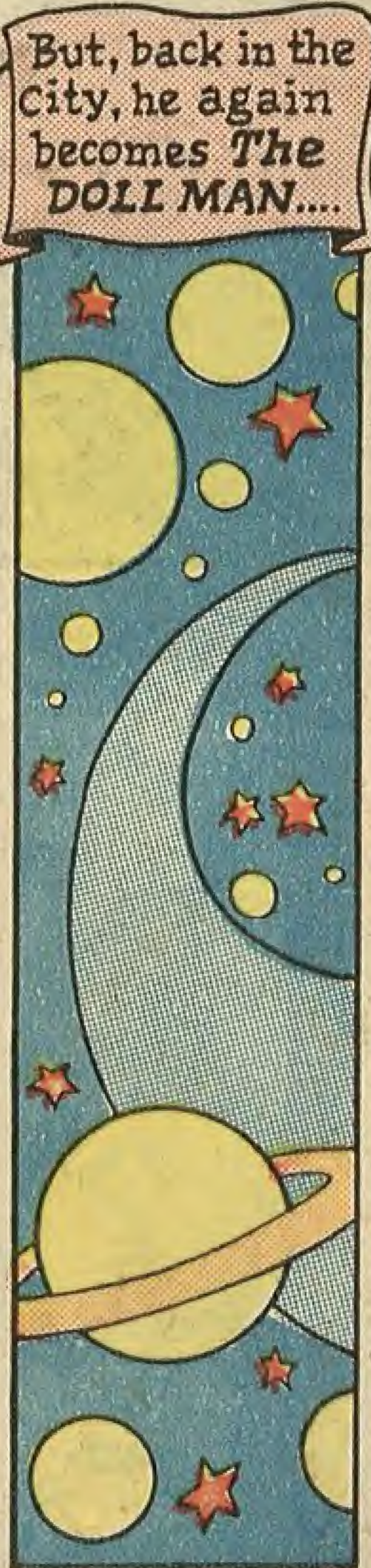




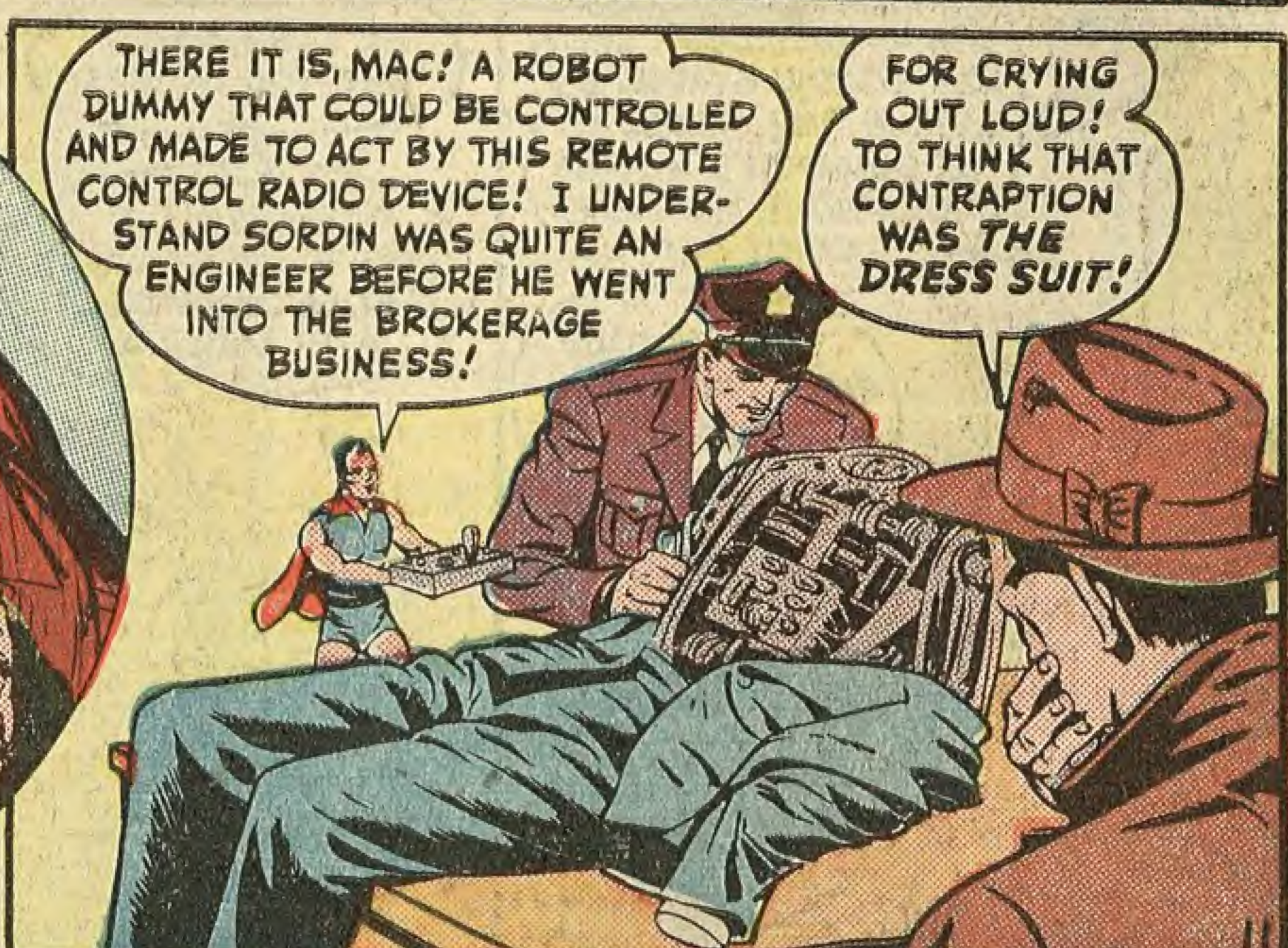










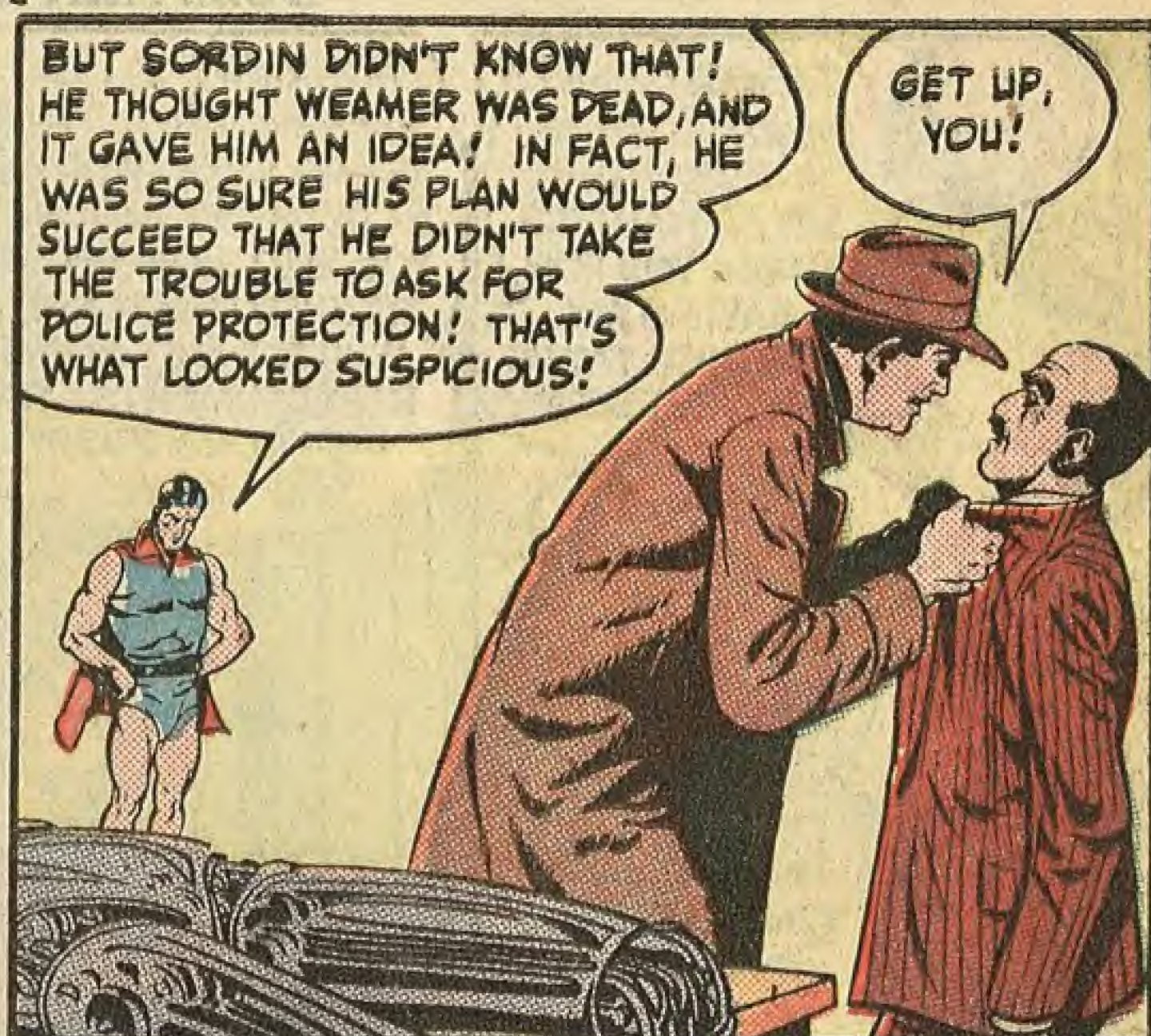






AND WEAMER DIDN'T DIE IN PRISON AT ALL-- THE WAY IT WAS REPORTED?

NO! A--ER-- FRIEND OF MINE GOT THE FACTS FROM THE WARDEN! IT SEEMS THAT WEAMER ONLY WENT INTO A COMA AND THEY PULLED HIM OUT OF IT AFTER THE STORY OF HIS DEATH WAS RELEASED TO THE PAPERS!



BUT SORDIN DIDN'T KNOW THAT! HE THOUGHT WEAMER WAS DEAD, AND IT GAVE HIM AN IDEA! IN FACT, HE WAS SO SURE HIS PLAN WOULD SUCCEED THAT HE DIDN'T TAKE THE TROUBLE TO ASK FOR POLICE PROTECTION! THAT'S WHAT LOOKED SUSPICIOUS!

GET UP, YOU!



WHAT WAS IT YOU TOOK FROM DAGNAM'S DESK AFTER YOU KILLED HIM, SORDIN?

OH, WE FRAMED WEAMER, ALL RIGHT! THEN THE THREE OF US SIGNED CONFESSIONS AND ALL OF US HAD COPIES! I WANTED TO FORCE DAGNAM AND TATE OUT OF THE FIRM, BUT I COULDN'T WHILE THEY HAD THAT HOLD ON ME!



YOU SEE, MAC, SORDIN TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE THREAT AN INNOCENT MAN MADE IN A RAGE... AND SPREAD THE DRESS SUIT SCARE TO KEEP HIMSELF IN THE CLEAR! HE THOUGHT HE WAS PUTTING THE BLAME ON A DEAD MAN!

AND NOW WEAMER CAN GO FREE! IT'S A BREAK FOR HIM!



BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW SORDIN EVADED US! ALL THE TIME, HE HAD TO BE SOMEPLACE NEARBY TO OPERATE THE RADIO CONTROL!

HE EVEN MADE ONE ATTEMPT TO GIVE THE DRESS SUIT A VOICE! IT WAS ALMOST CONVINCING!



SO LONG, MAC! SEE YOU LATER!

AND NOW ALL I HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS SQUARING MYSELF WITH MARTHA!



Later...

DARREL, I'M SO GLAD YOU STOPPED BY! I'LL FORGIVE YOU EVERYTHING IF YOU'LL TAKE ME TO THE CLUB FORMAL DANCE TONIGHT! GO RIGHT HOME AND GET INTO YOUR DRESS SUIT!

DRESS SUIT? OHHHHH!



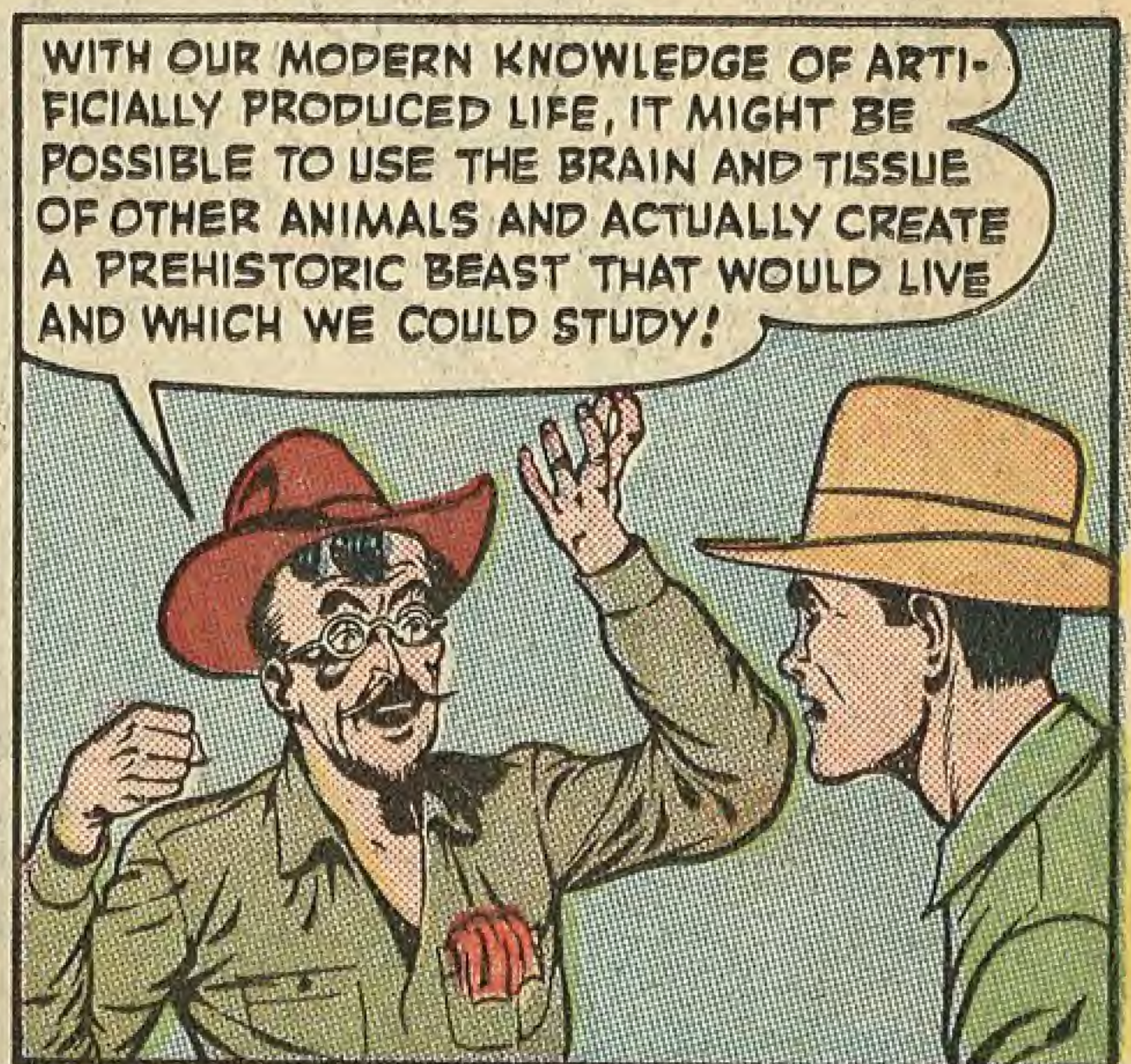
DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

# The DOLL MAN

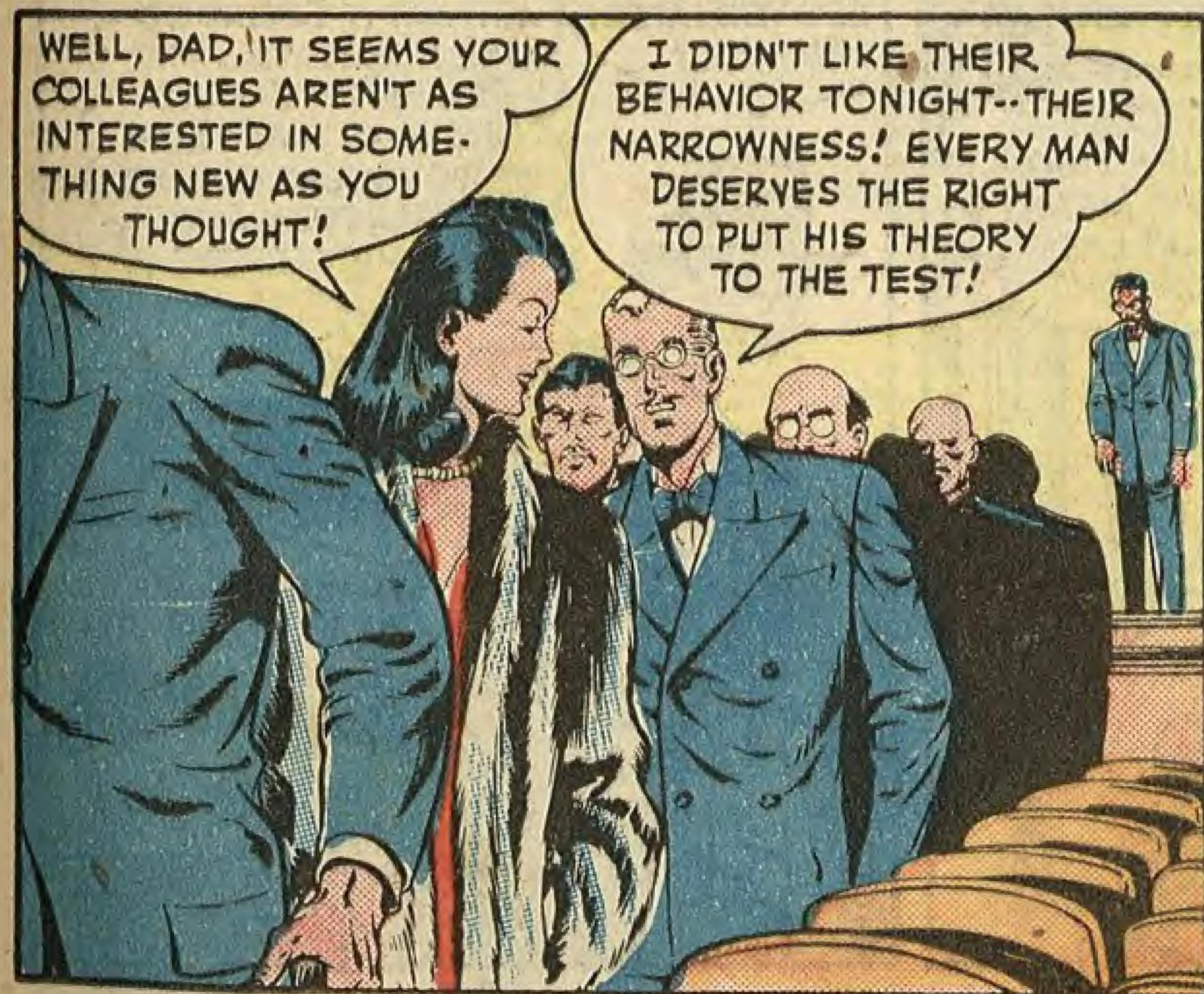
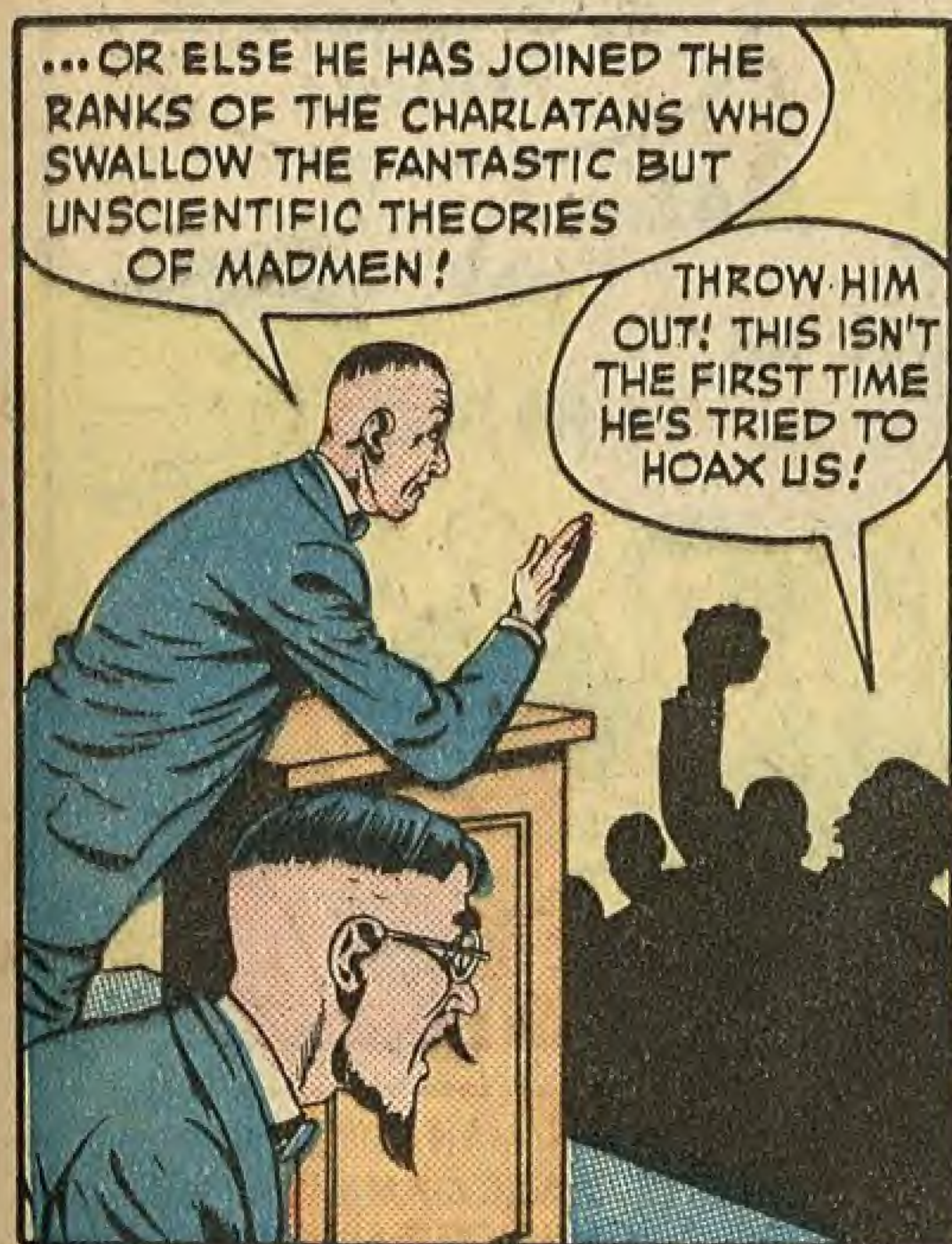
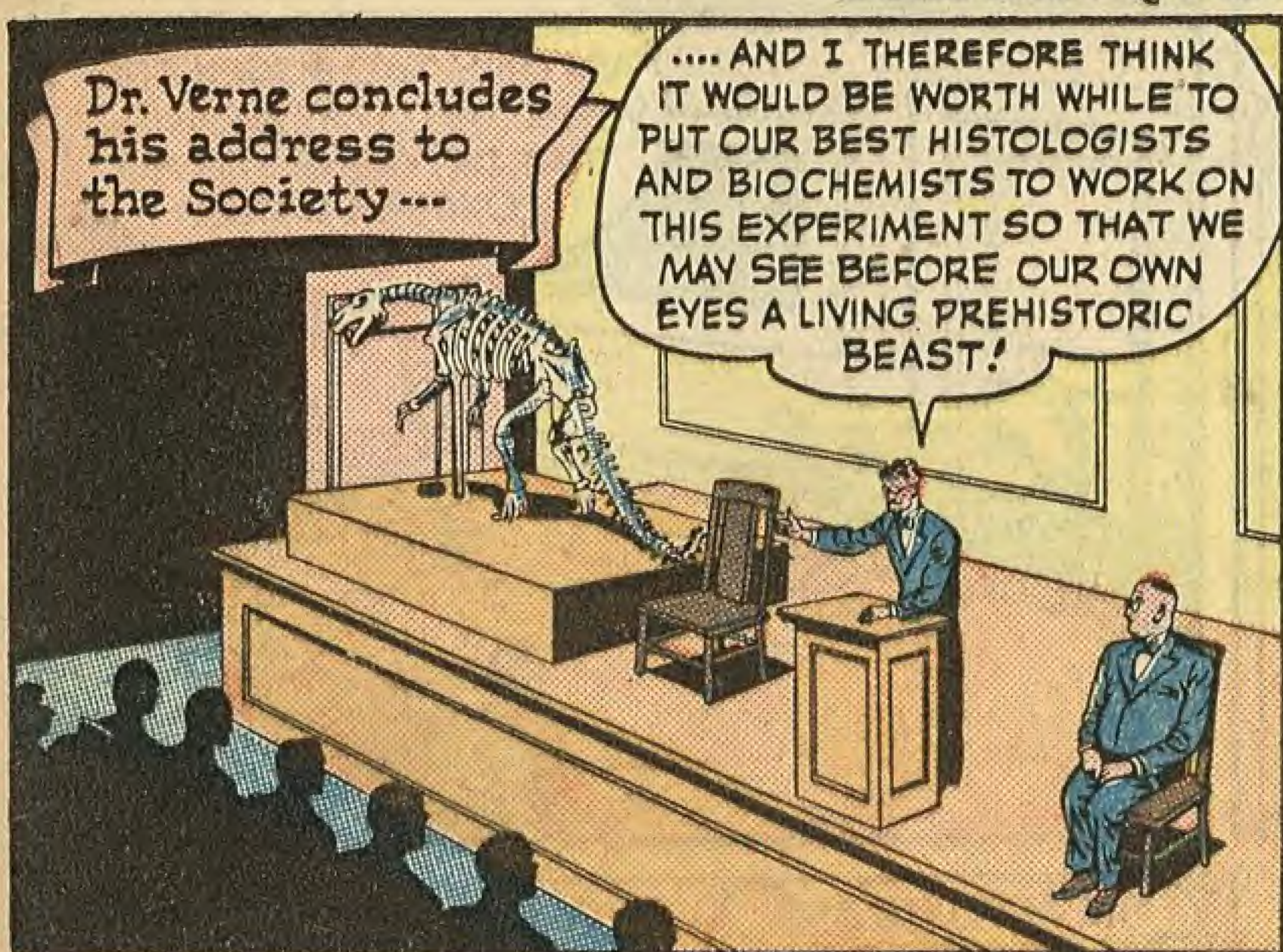


The tiny, hard hitting DOLL MAN clashes with a savage monster out of the slime of the pre-historic past ..... a creature so horrible that it defied description and was known simply as "**IT**"!!

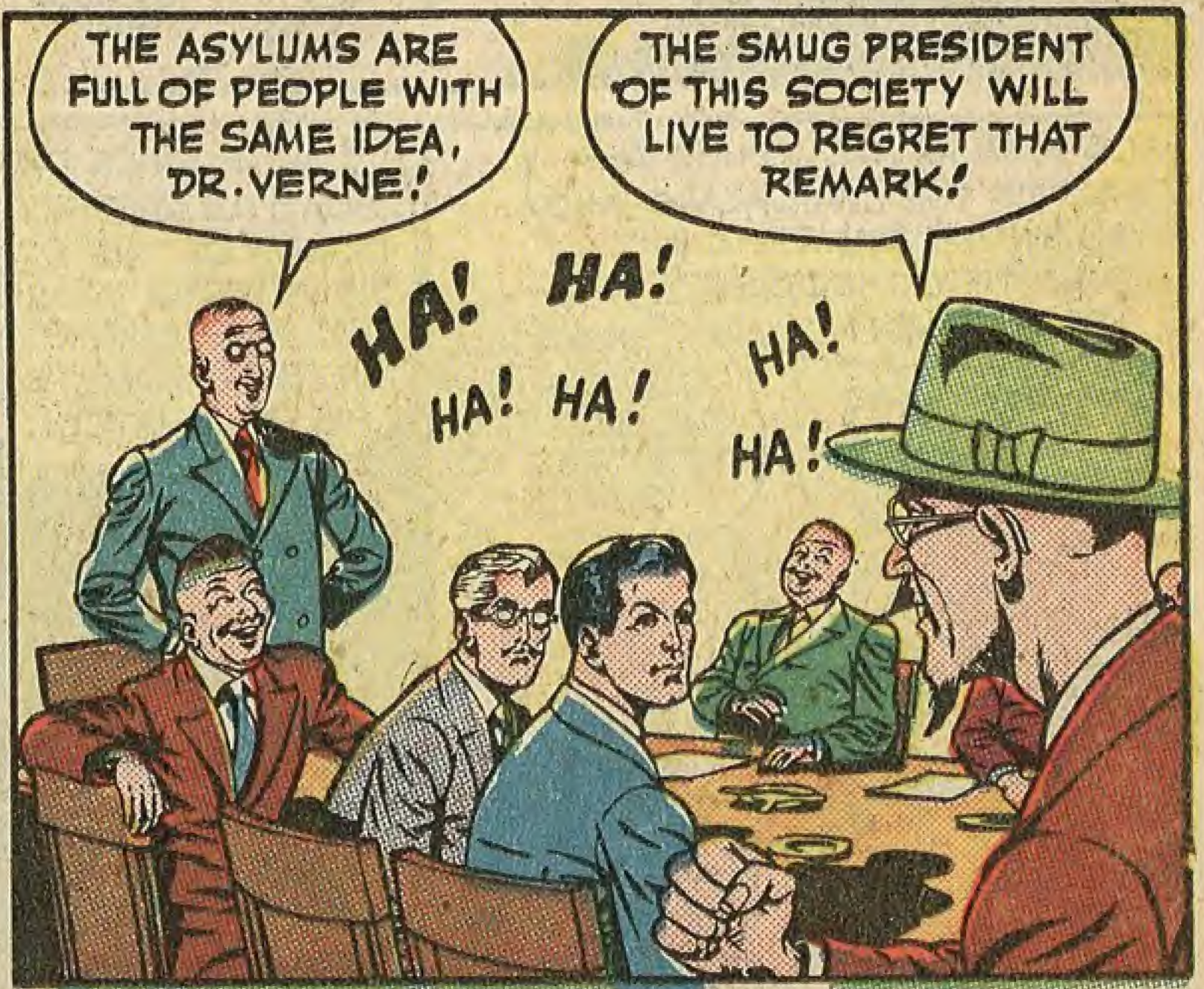
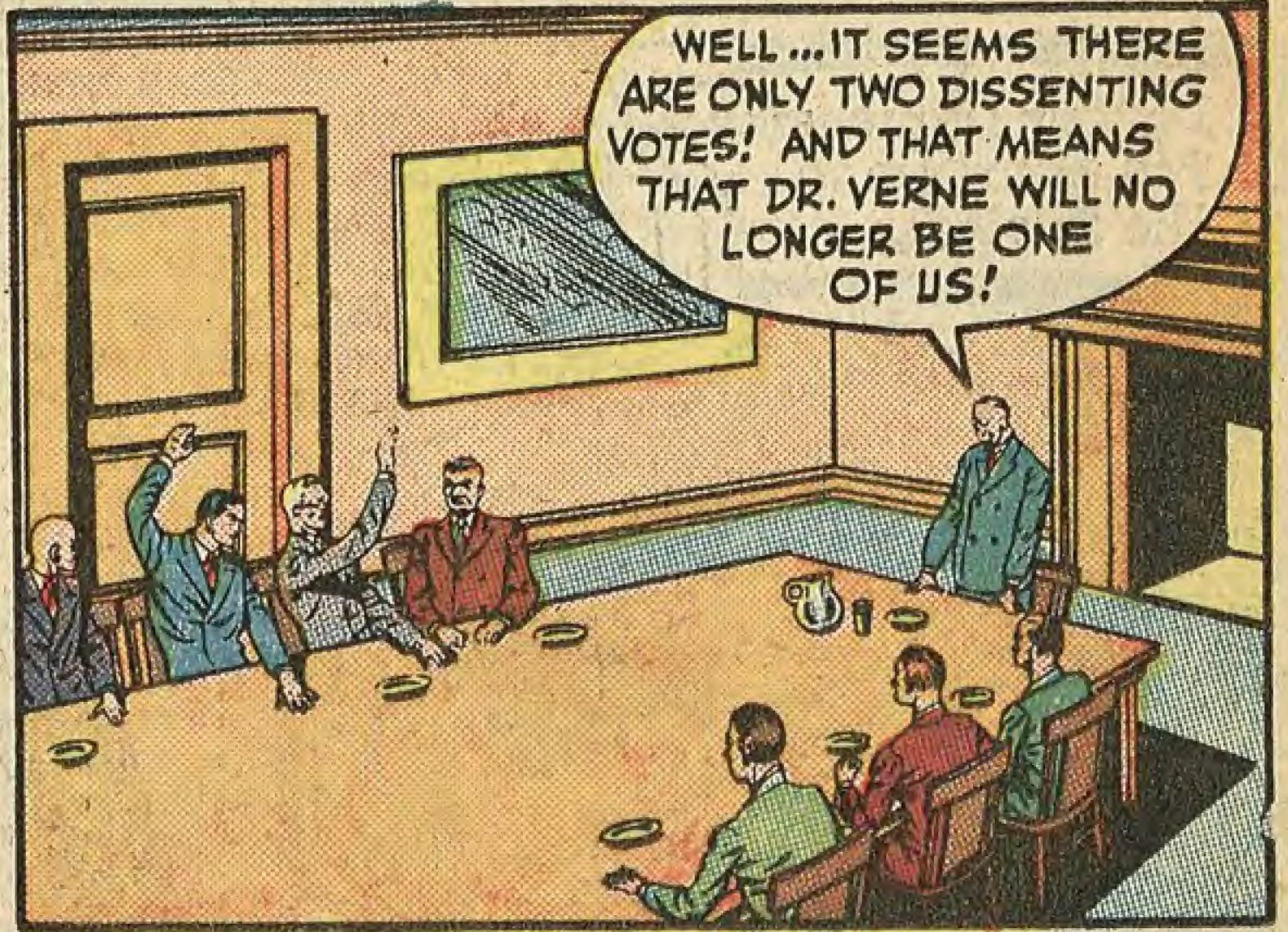
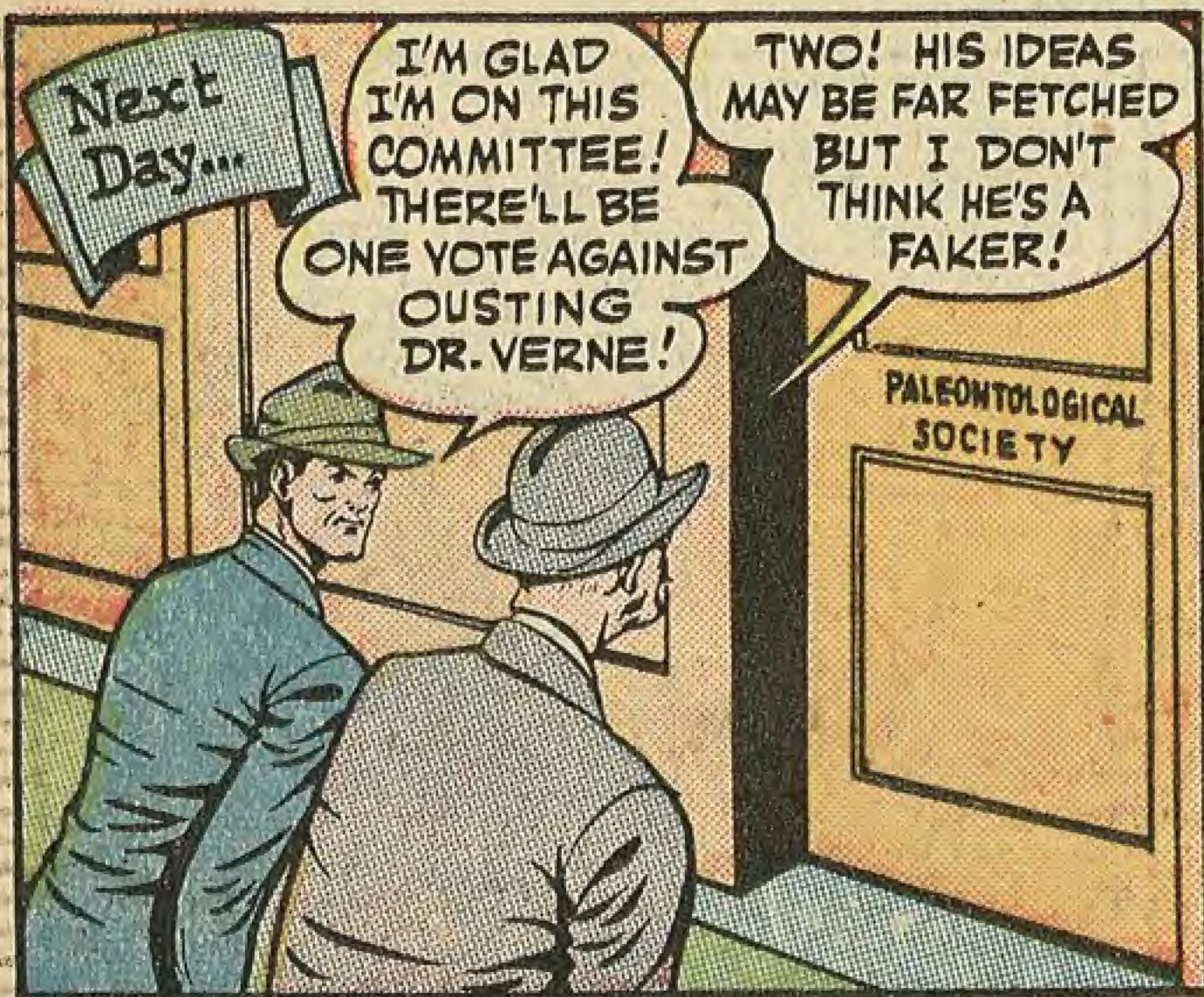




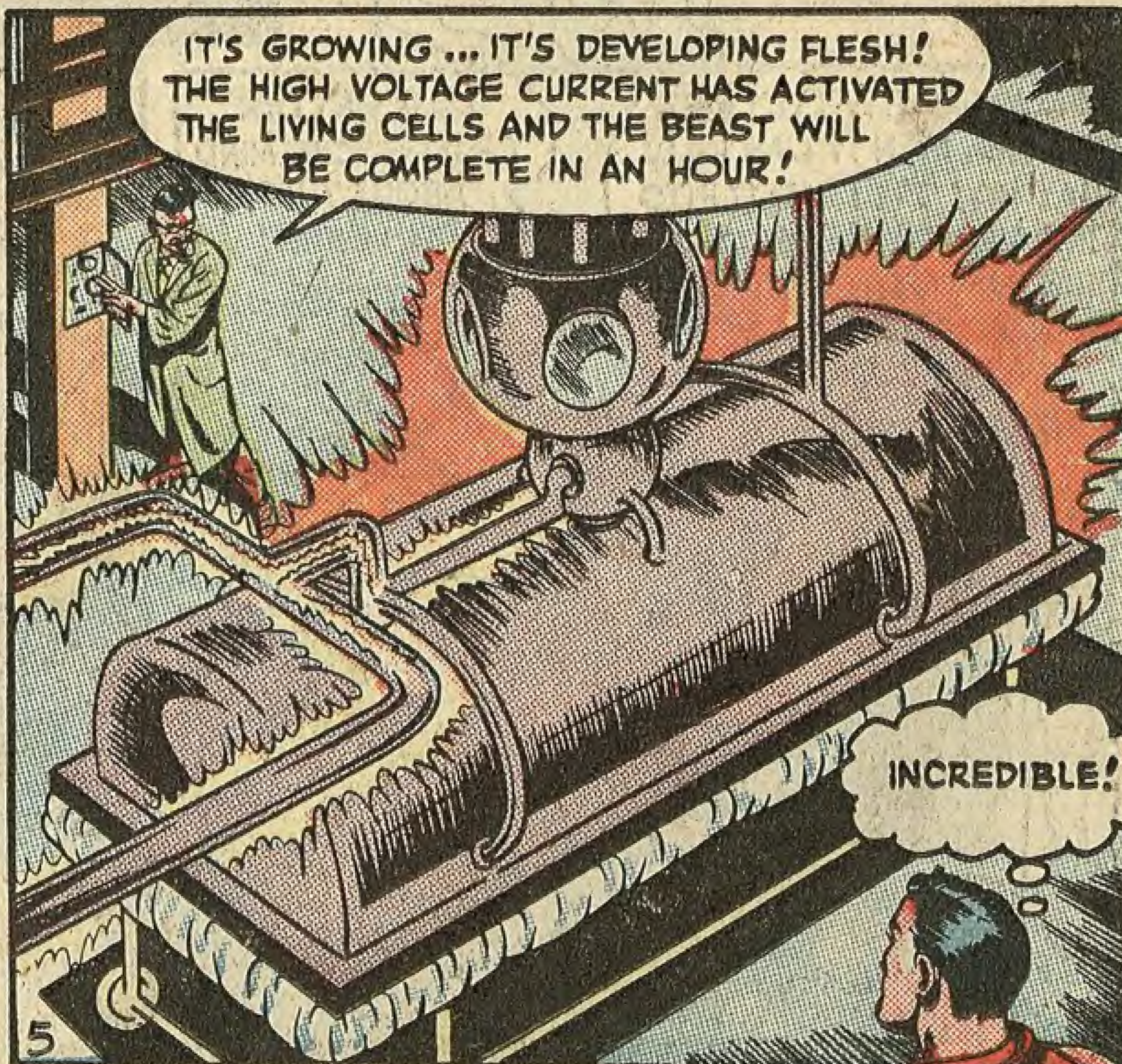
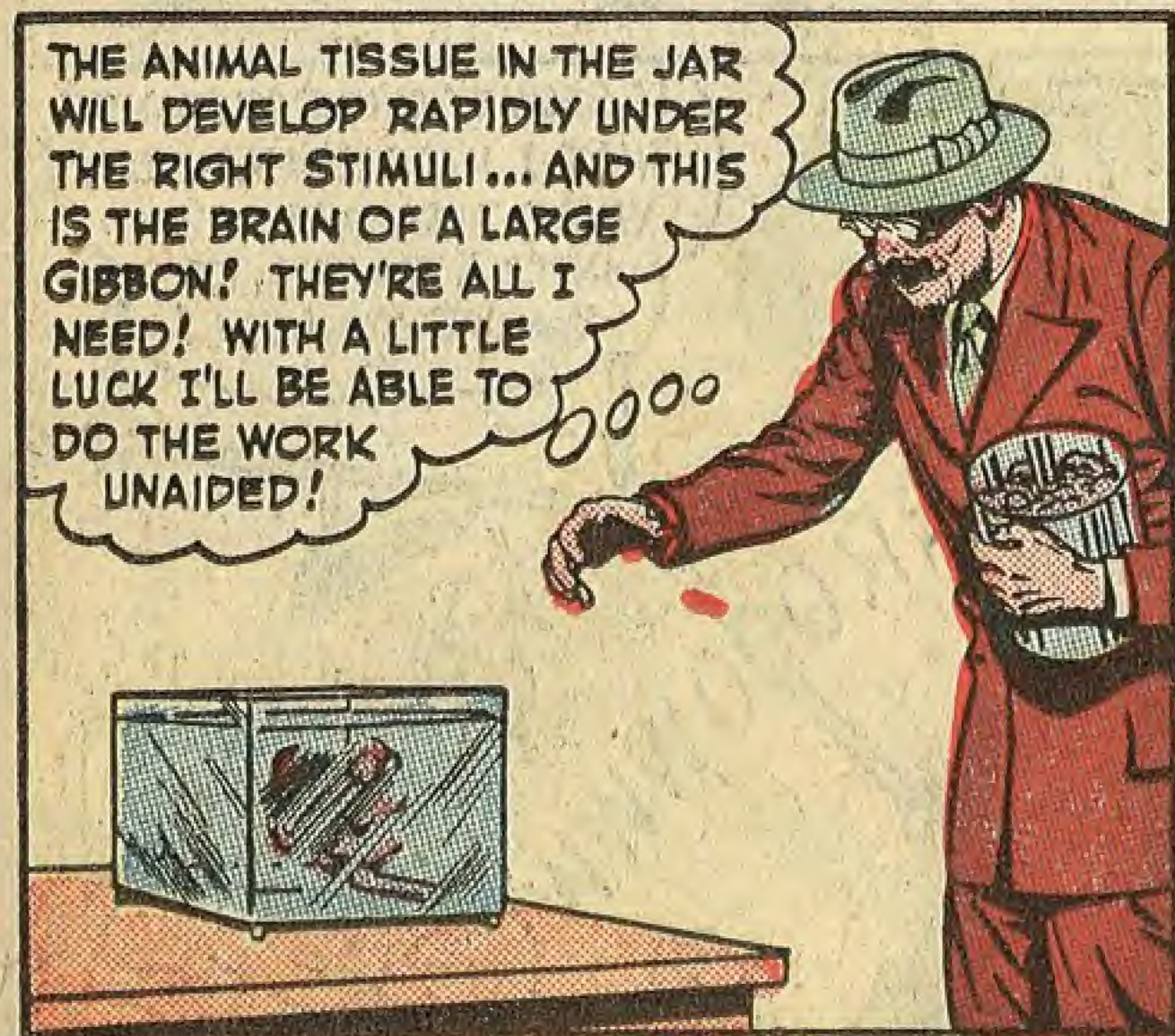












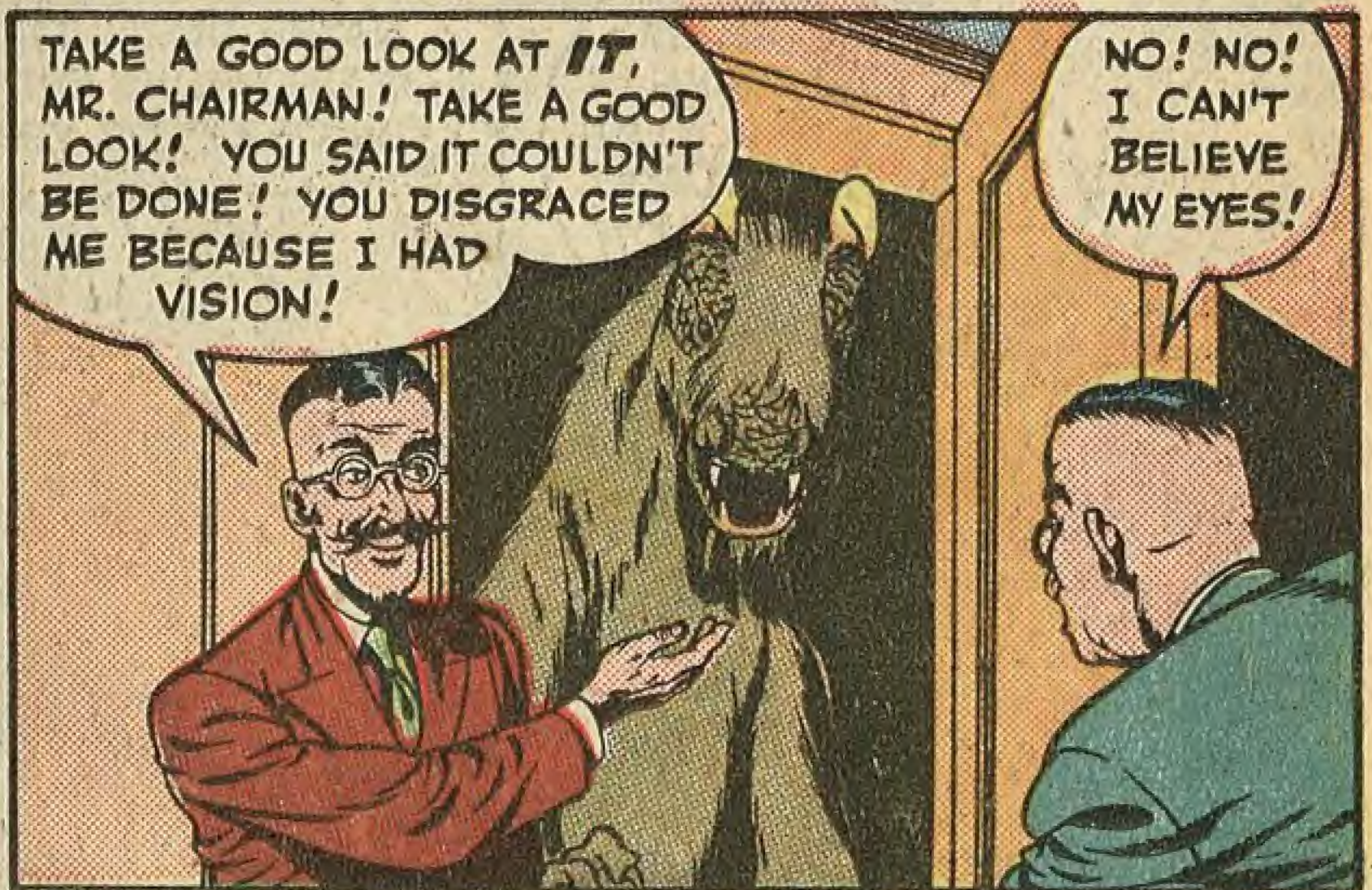
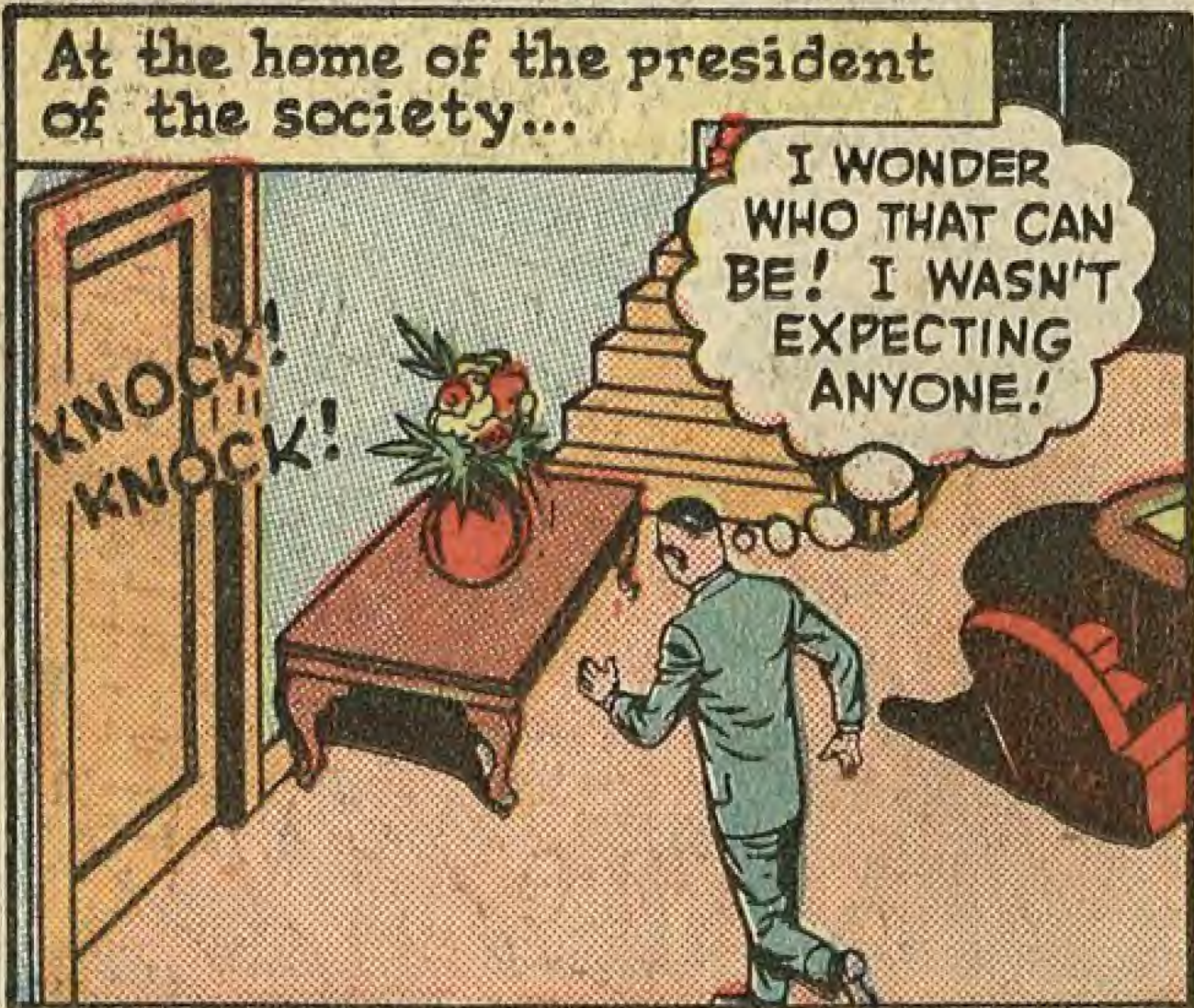


















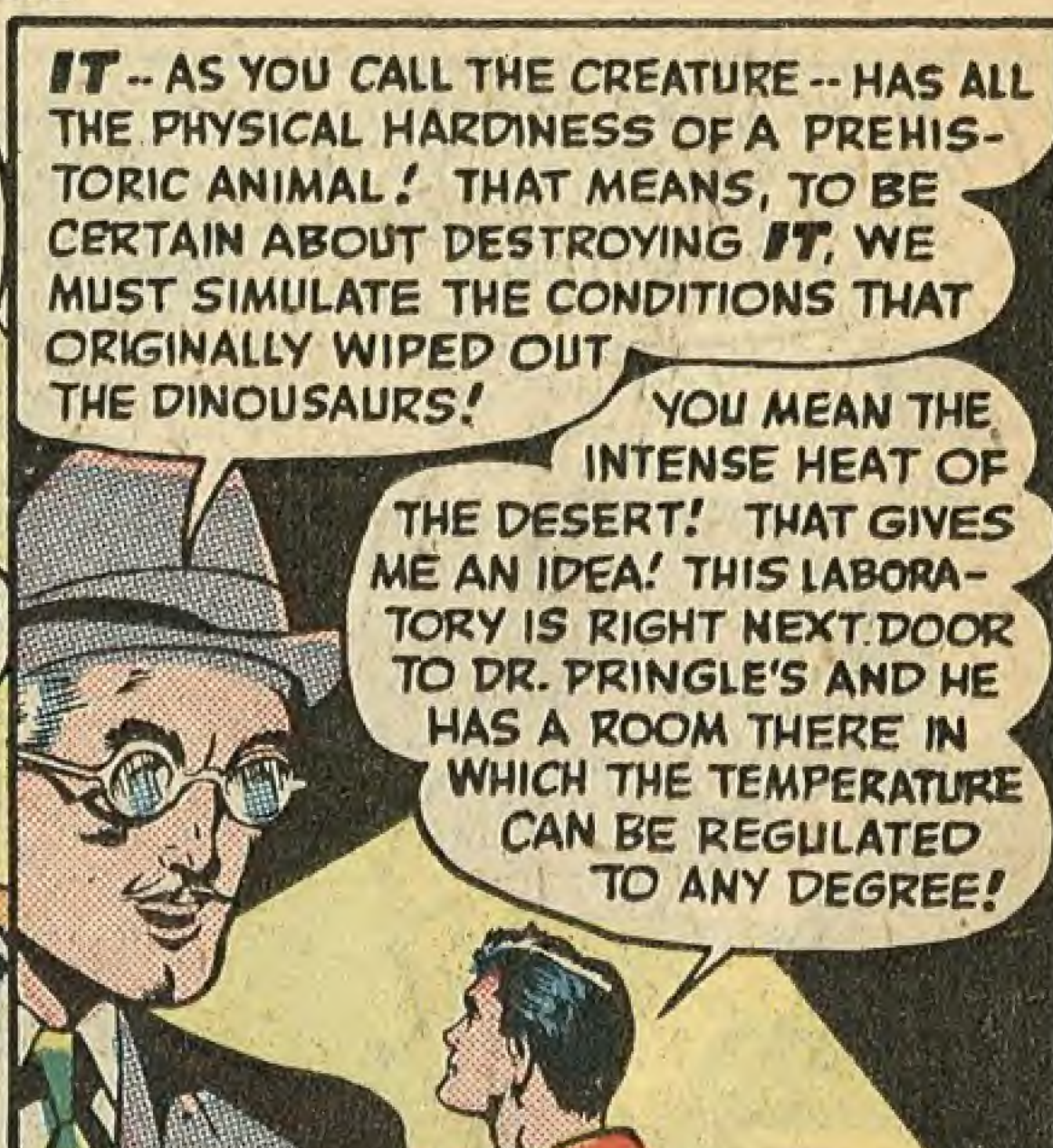


HE ALREADY HAS, DOLL MAN! THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY'S BEEN MURDERED! I SAW VERNE LEAVE THE HOUSE WITH THAT **THING!**



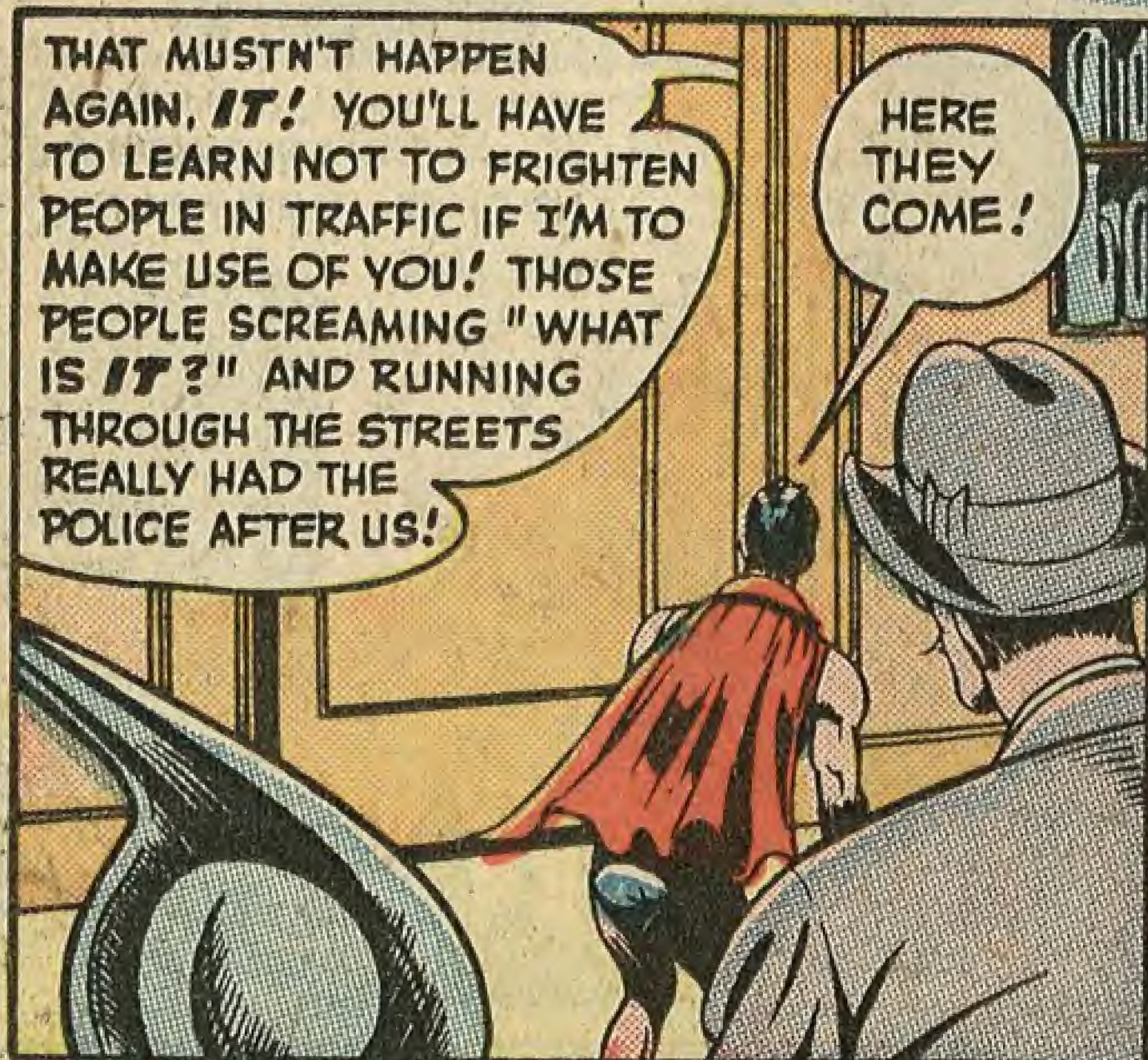
WE **MUST** FIND THEM! **IT** IS A **KILLER!** VERNE PERFORMED A MIRACLE IN BRINGING IT TO LIFE, BUT EVEN FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET IT SURVIVE!

UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, IT CAN'T BE DESTROYED BY ORDINARY MEANS!



**IT**-- AS YOU CALL THE CREATURE -- HAS ALL THE PHYSICAL HARDINESS OF A PREHISTORIC ANIMAL! THAT MEANS, TO BE CERTAIN ABOUT DESTROYING **IT**, WE MUST SIMULATE THE CONDITIONS THAT ORIGINALLY WIPED OUT THE DINOSAURS!

YOU MEAN THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE DESERT! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! THIS LABORATORY IS RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO DR. PRINGLE'S AND HE HAS A ROOM THERE IN WHICH THE TEMPERATURE CAN BE REGULATED TO ANY DEGREE!



THAT MUSTN'T HAPPEN AGAIN, **IT!** YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN NOT TO FRIGHTEN PEOPLE IN TRAFFIC IF I'M TO MAKE USE OF YOU! THOSE PEOPLE SCREAMING "WHAT IS **IT?**" AND RUNNING THROUGH THE STREETS REALLY HAD THE POLICE AFTER US!

HERE THEY COME!



THE DOLL MAN..... UP SO SOON? AND DR. ROBERTS, ONE OF THE LEARNED SCIENTISTS WHO THREW ME OUT OF THE SOCIETY! THERE'S WORK FOR YOU, **IT!** KILL....!



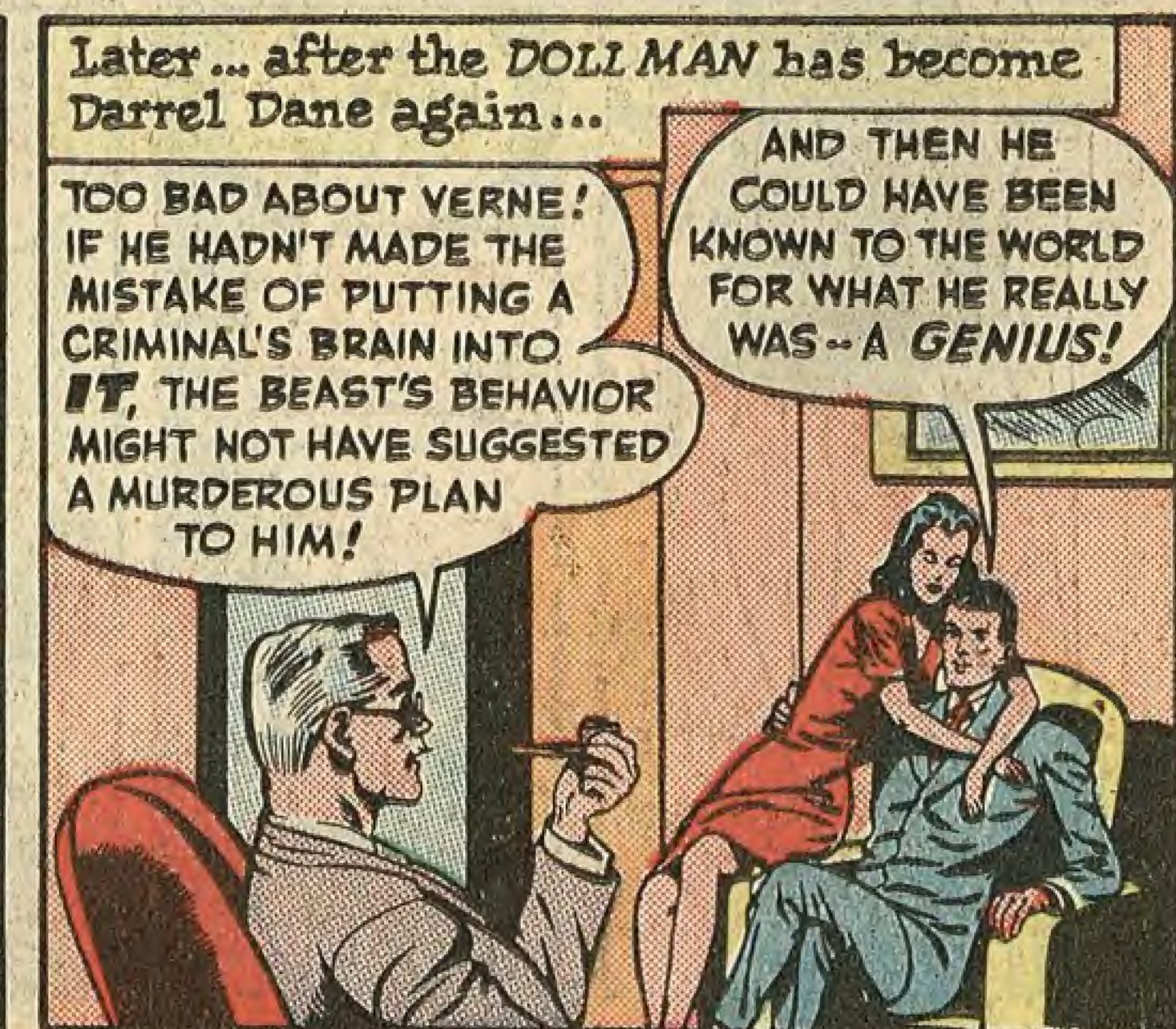
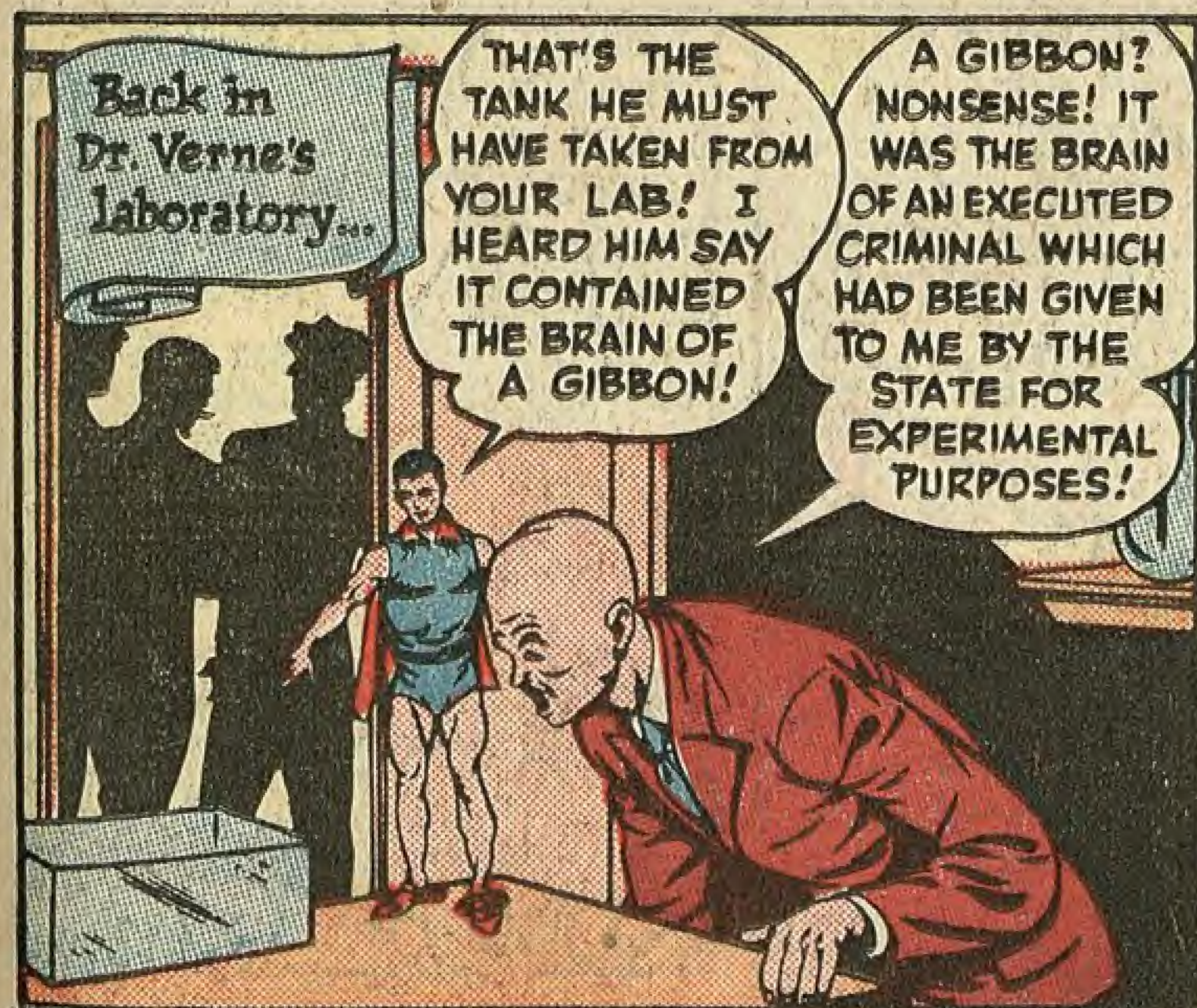
MAYBE THE WAY TO HANDLE **IT** IS TO CUT YOU OFF BEFORE YOU CAN FINISH YOUR MURDEROUS ORDERS!



LOOK OUT, DOLL MAN! **IT** IS AFTER YOU!

THAT SUITS ME! COME AND GET ME, **IT!**





WHAT ON EARTH'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE YOU CHAPS UP TO? HOW DID **THAT** THING GET IN THERE?

I INVITED HIM IN, DR. PRINGLE! I'M AFRAID I HAD TO USE YOUR LAB WITHOUT PERMISSION!

ANY OF YOU GUYS SEE AN IMPOSSIBLE LOOKIN' ANIMAL AROUND? WE FOLLOWED THIS GUY HERE AND WE FOUND HIM, BUT THE ANIMAL ISN'T AROUND!

YOU CAN HOLD DR. VERNE ON A MURDER CHARGE, OFFICER! THE ANIMAL IS DEAD!

DEAD? THEN MY WORK WAS ALL FOR NOTHING!

Back in Dr. Verne's laboratory...

THAT'S THE TANK HE MUST HAVE TAKEN FROM YOUR LAB! I HEARD HIM SAY IT CONTAINED THE BRAIN OF A GIBBON!

A GIBBON? NONSENSE! IT WAS THE BRAIN OF AN EXECUTED CRIMINAL WHICH HAD BEEN GIVEN TO ME BY THE STATE FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES!

Later... after the DOLL MAN has become Darrel Dane again...

TOO BAD ABOUT VERNE! IF HE HADN'T MADE THE MISTAKE OF PUTTING A CRIMINAL'S BRAIN INTO **IT**, THE BEAST'S BEHAVIOR MIGHT NOT HAVE SUGGESTED A MURDEROUS PLAN TO HIM!

AND THEN HE COULD HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO THE WORLD FOR WHAT HE REALLY WAS--A **GENIUS!**



**Torchy** finds and loses enough jobs to solve all unemployment problems for the next hundred years.... but you can't keep a good man down.... nor a gal with a million dollar face and figure! The only hitch is that somehow that face and figure never land Torchy the million!

YES,  
MISS  
TODD!

I DON'T THINK  
WE'LL SHOOT THAT  
SCENE TODAY! I'M  
NOT IN THE  
MOOD!

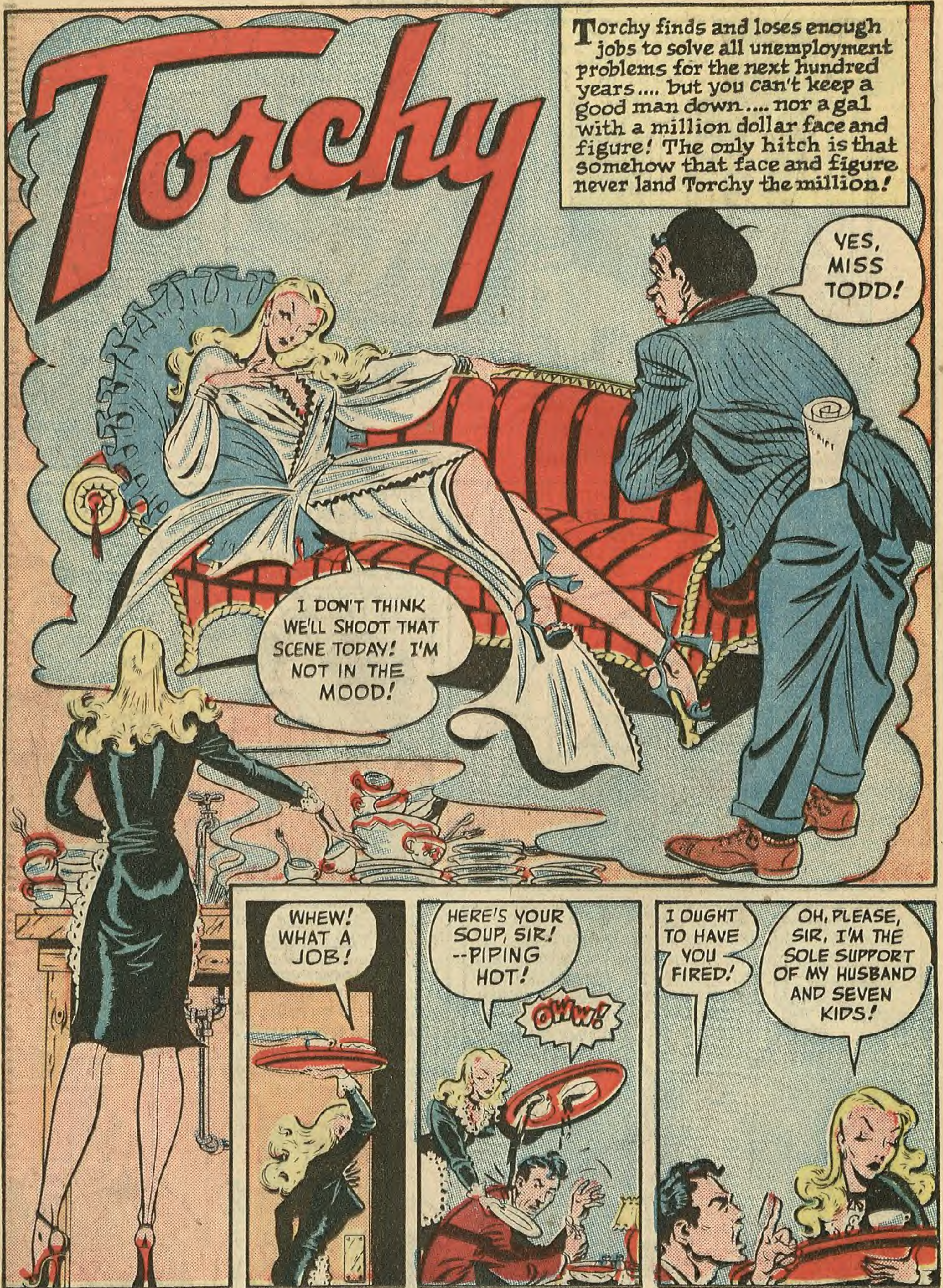
WHEW!  
WHAT A  
JOB!

HERE'S YOUR  
SOUP, SIR!  
--PIPING  
HOT!

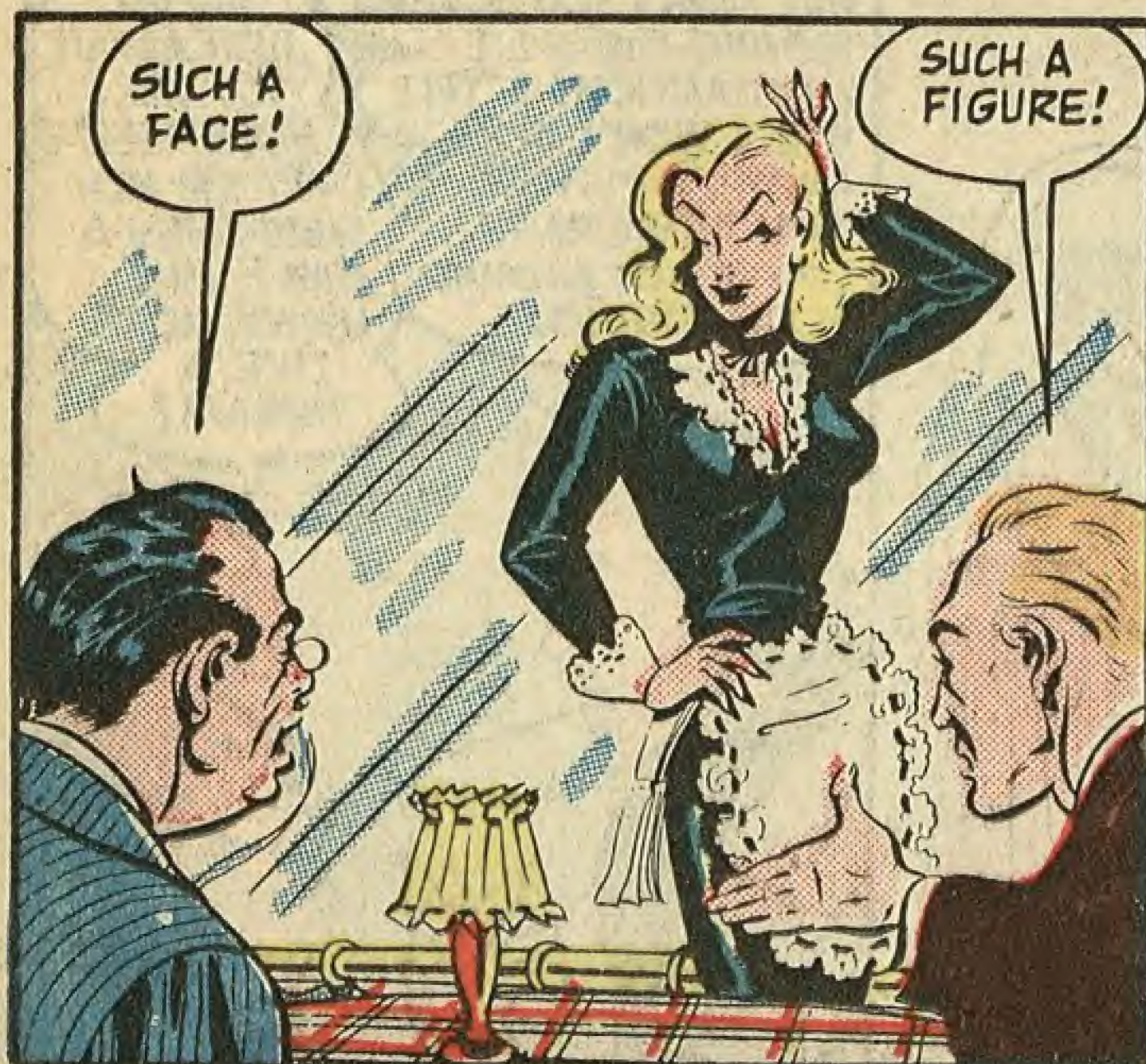
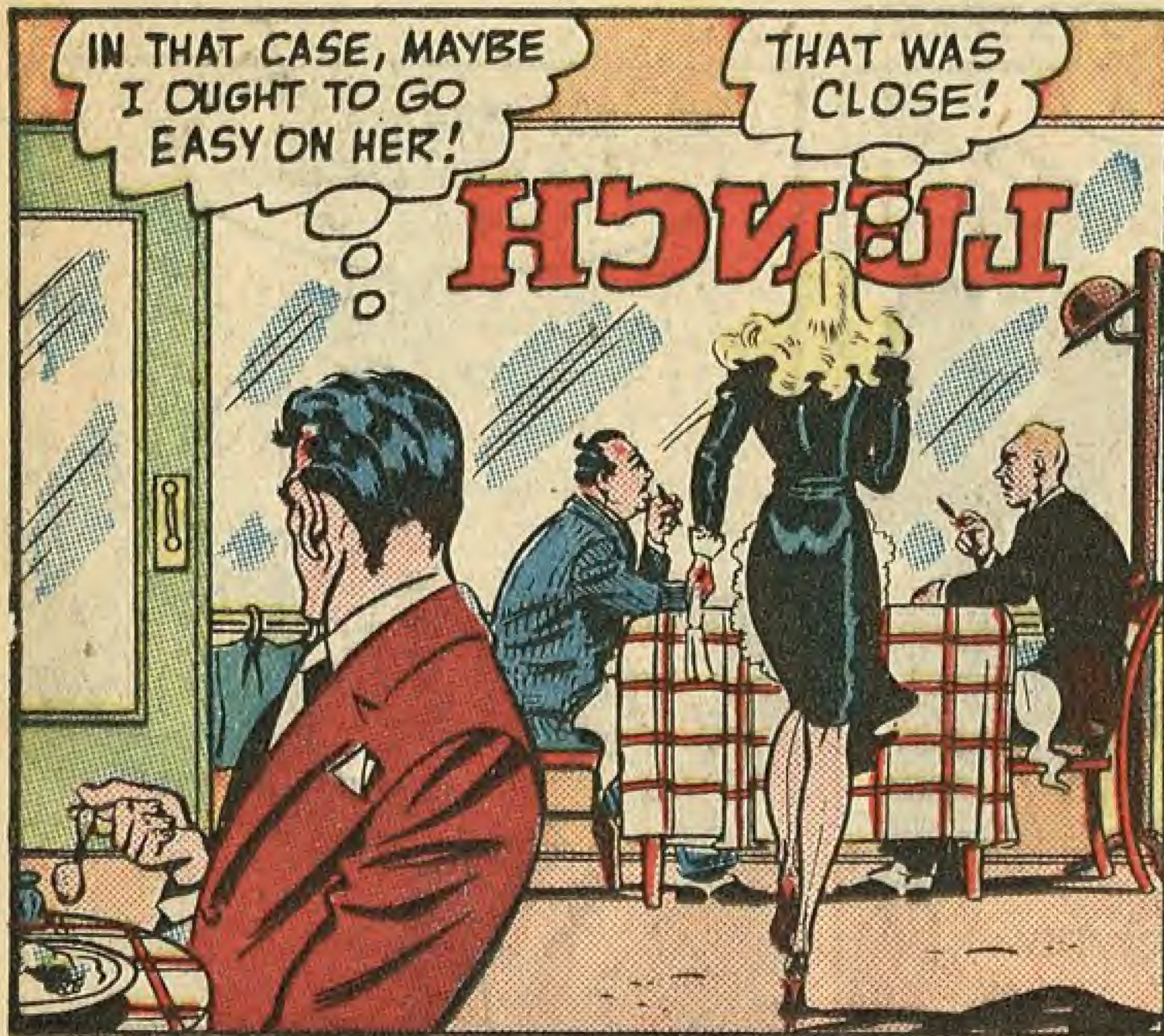
OWW!

I OUGHT  
TO HAVE  
YOU  
FIRED!

OH, PLEASE,  
SIR, I'M THE  
SOLE SUPPORT  
OF MY HUSBAND  
AND SEVEN  
KIDS!



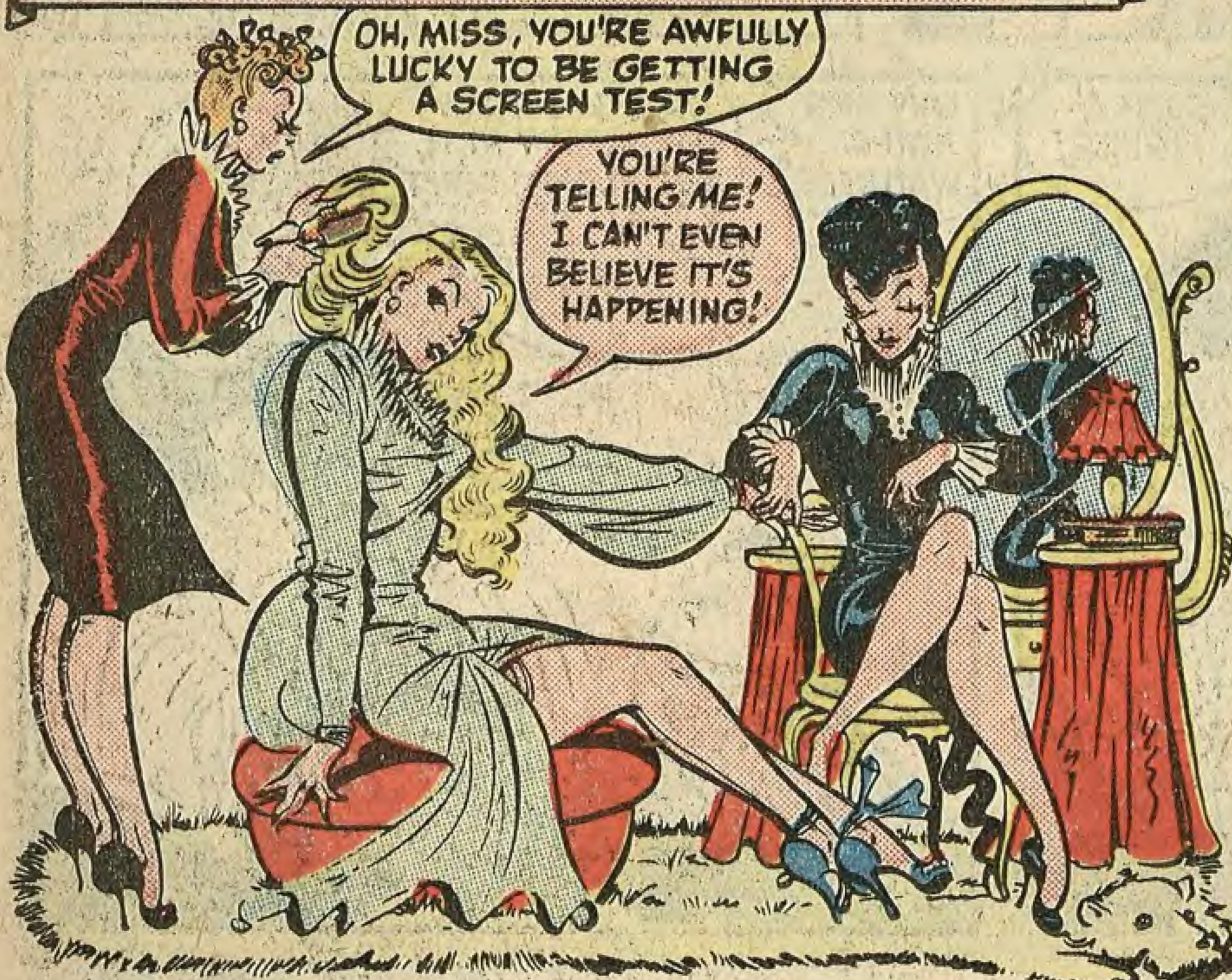




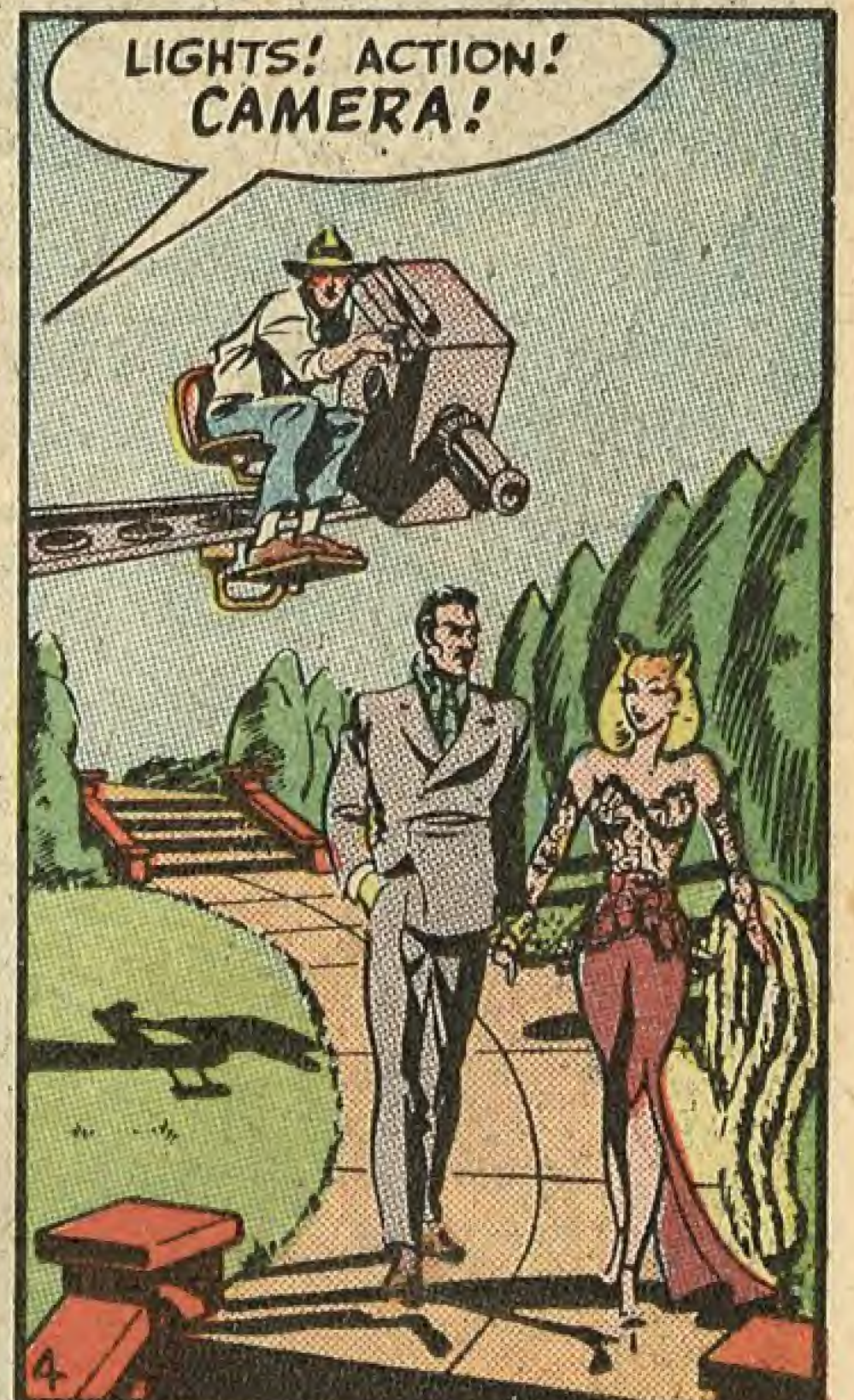




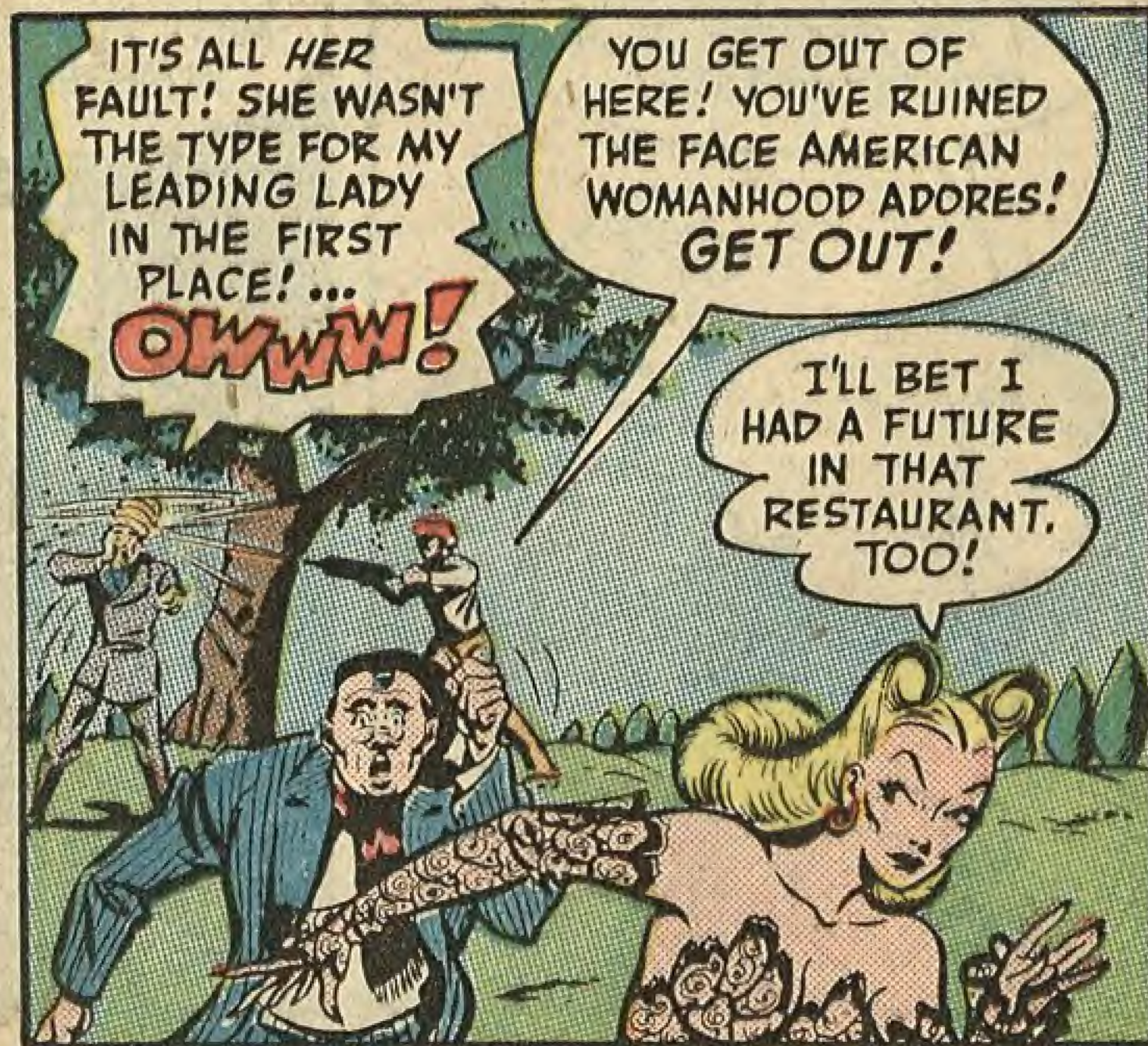
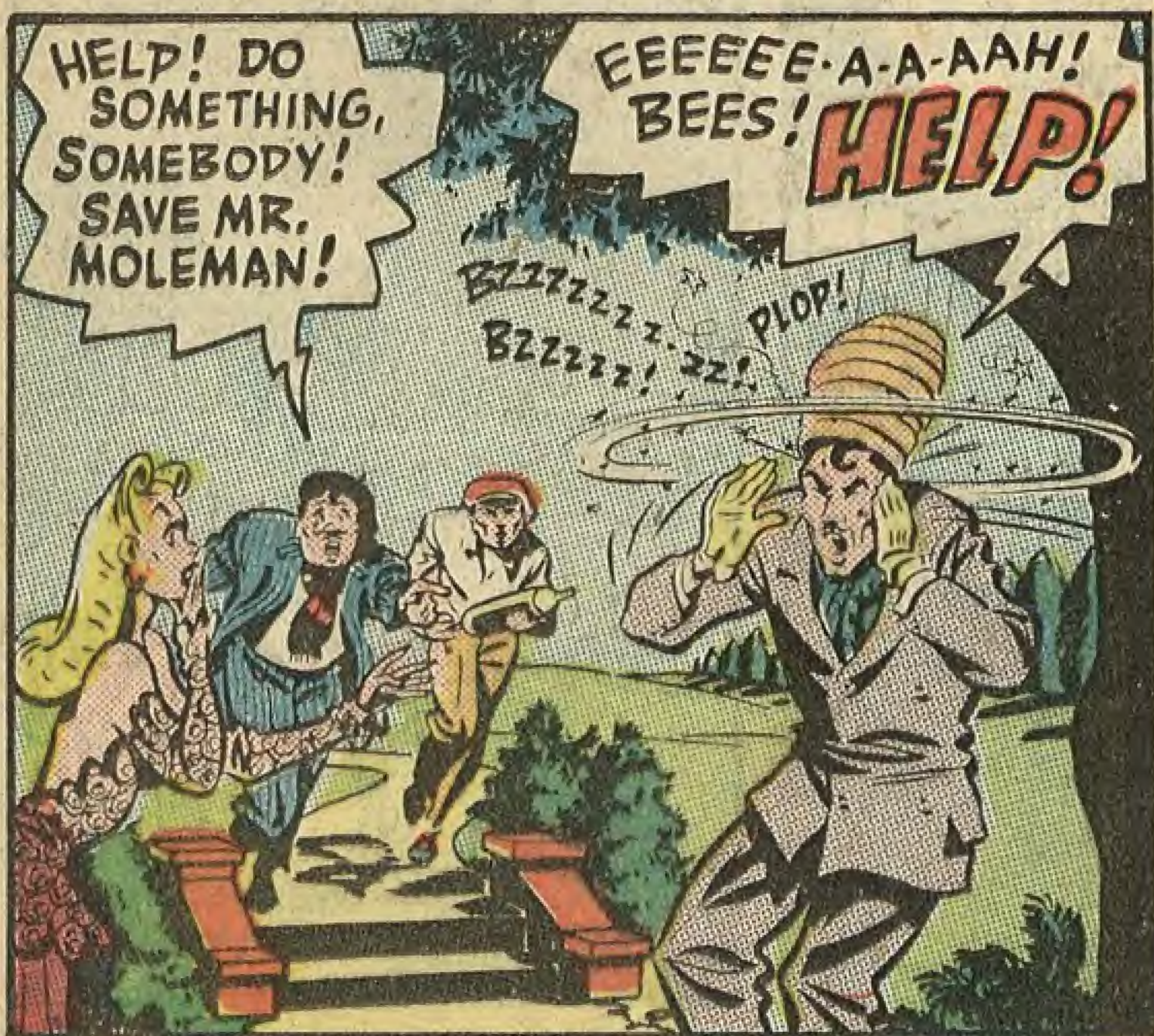
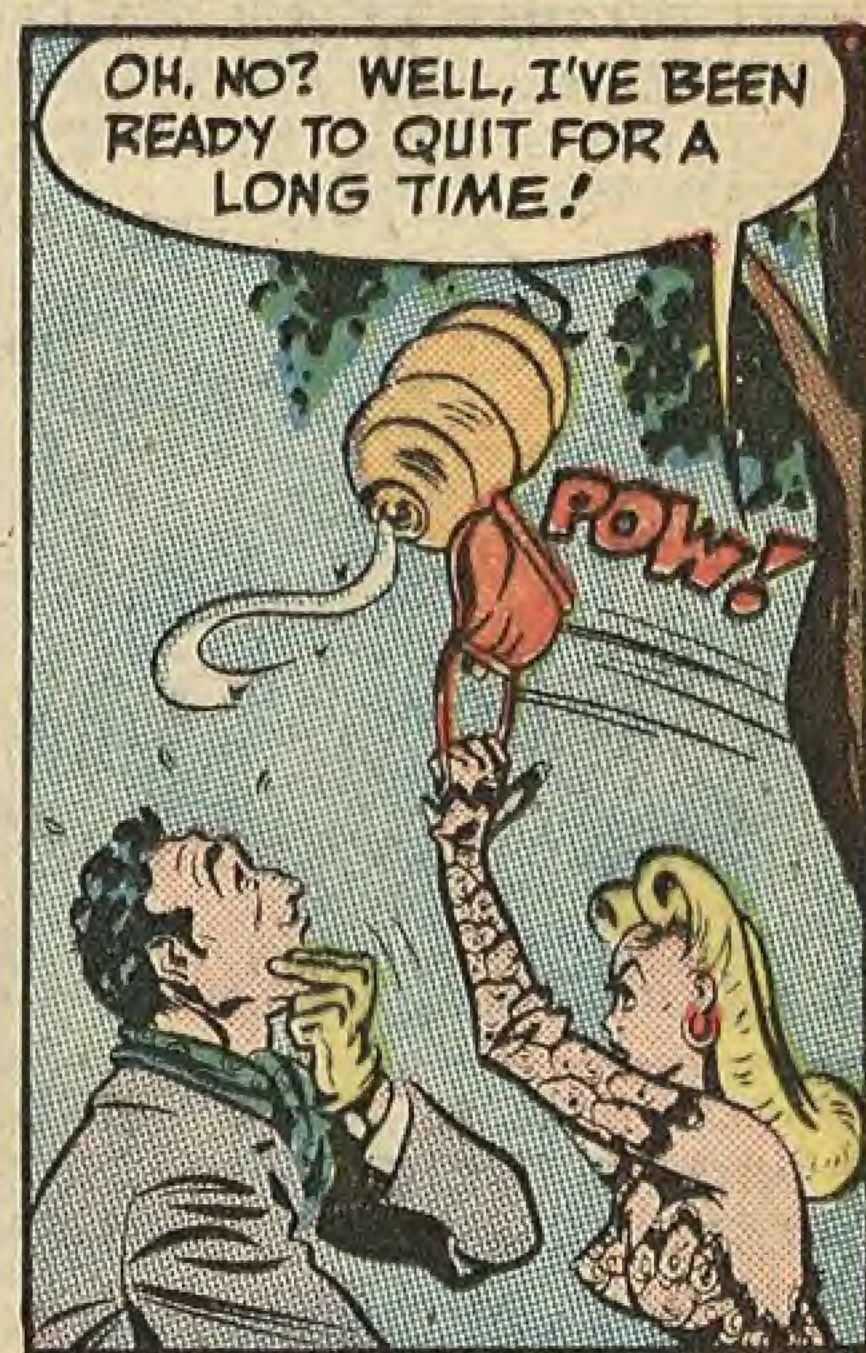
And so at the local studios of a film company...



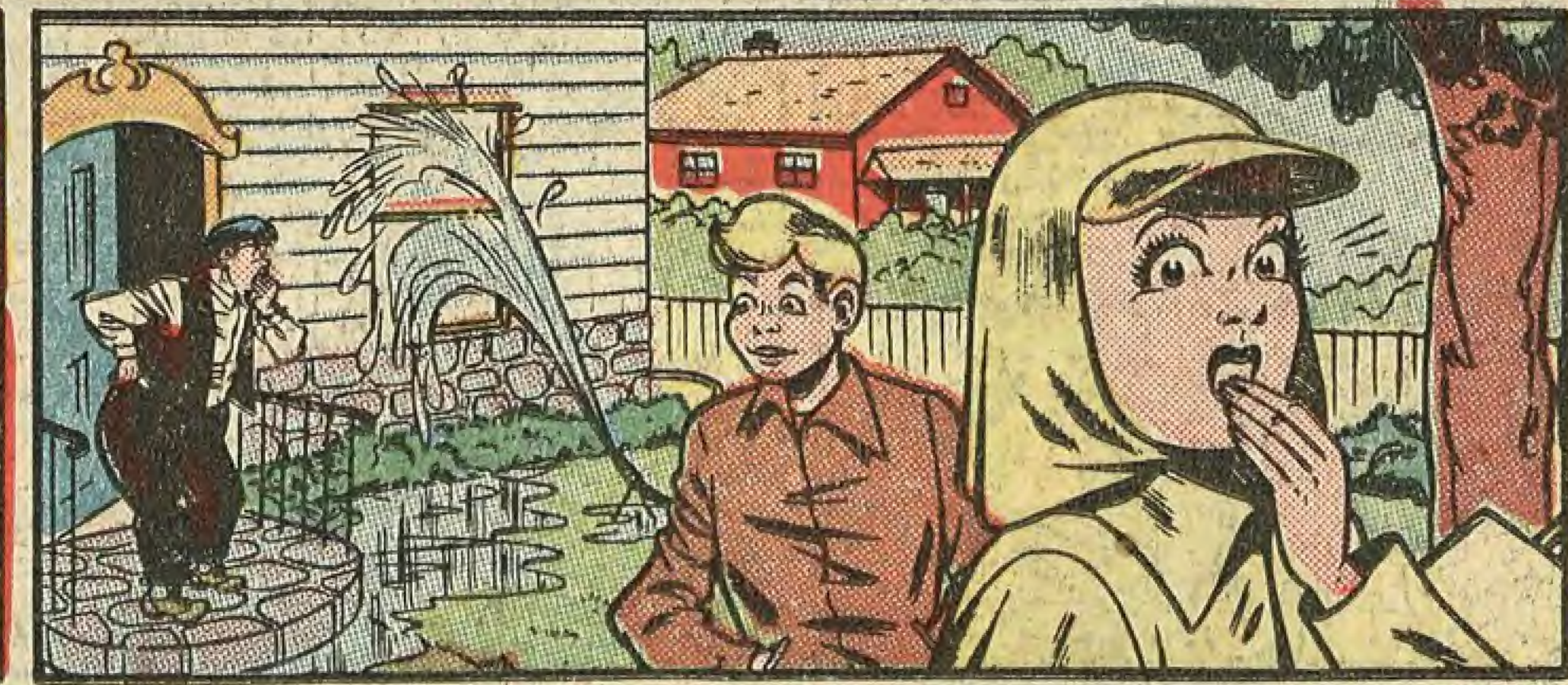
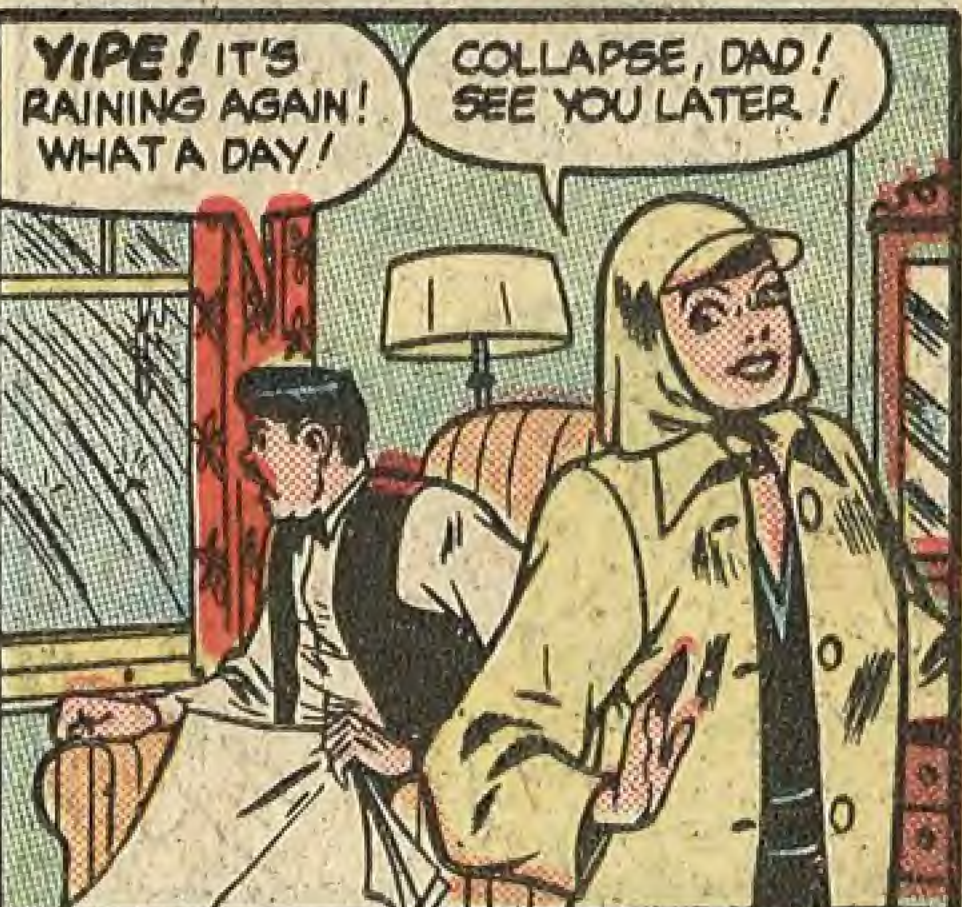




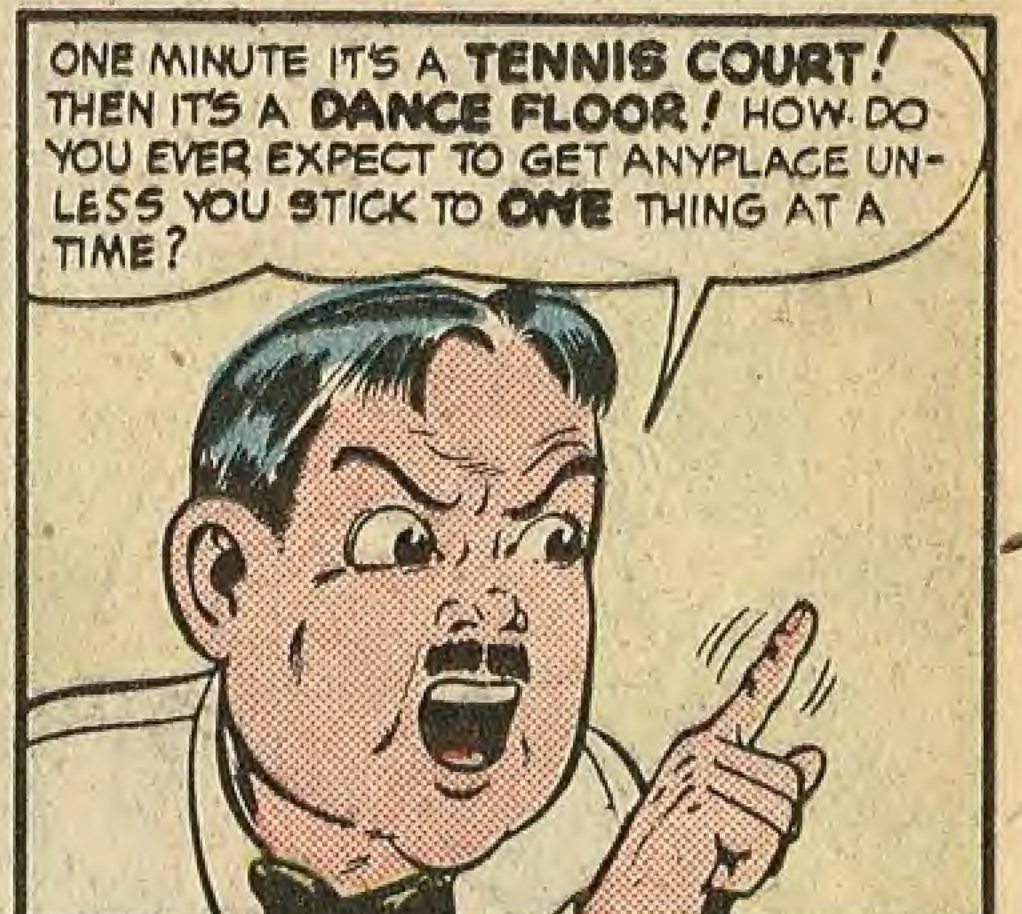
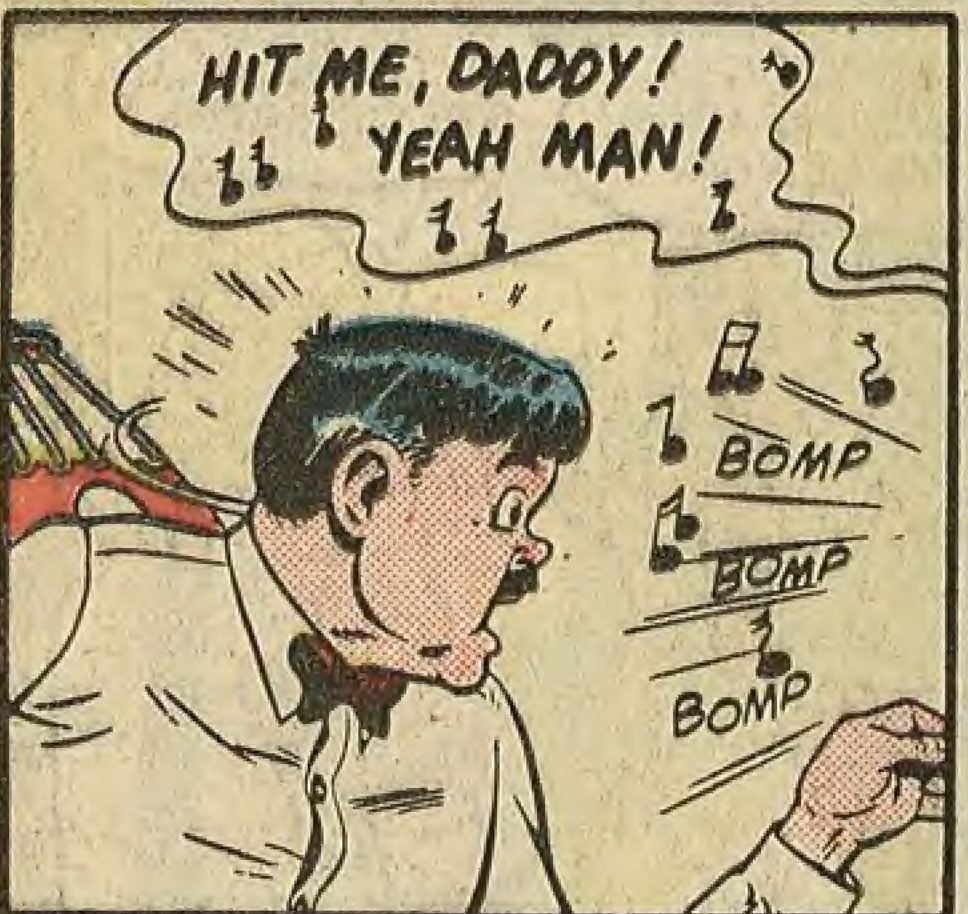




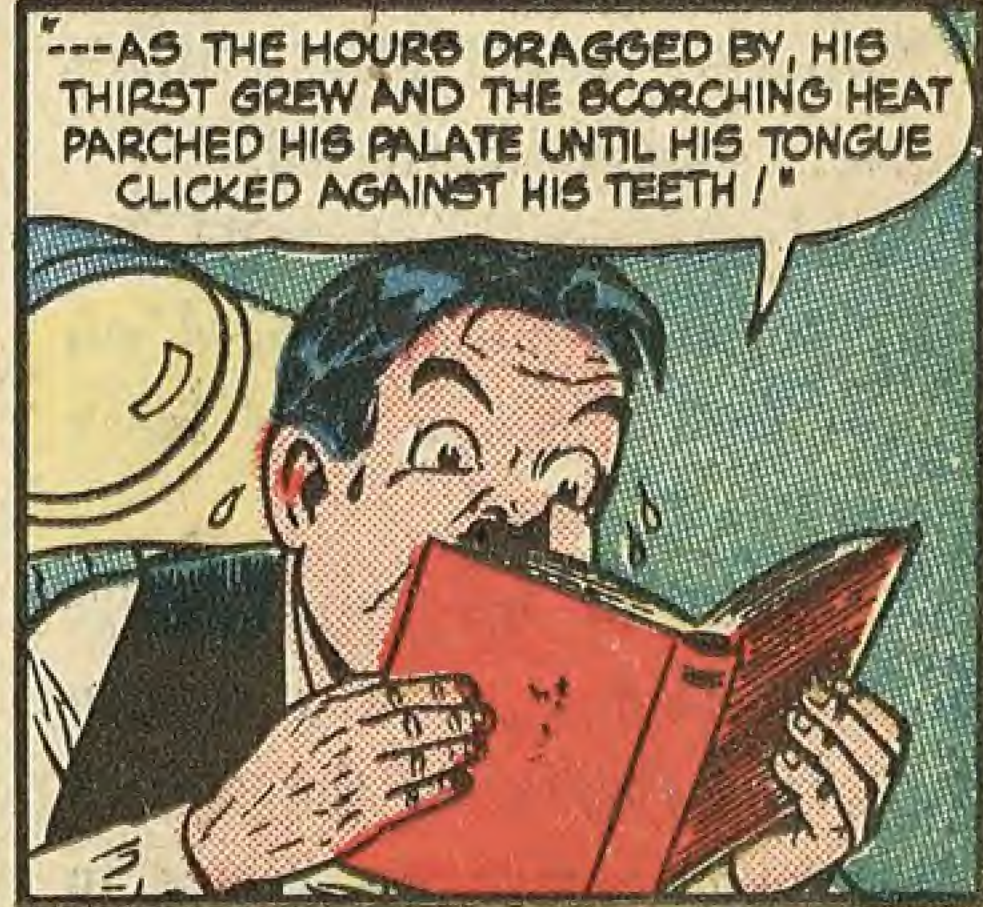
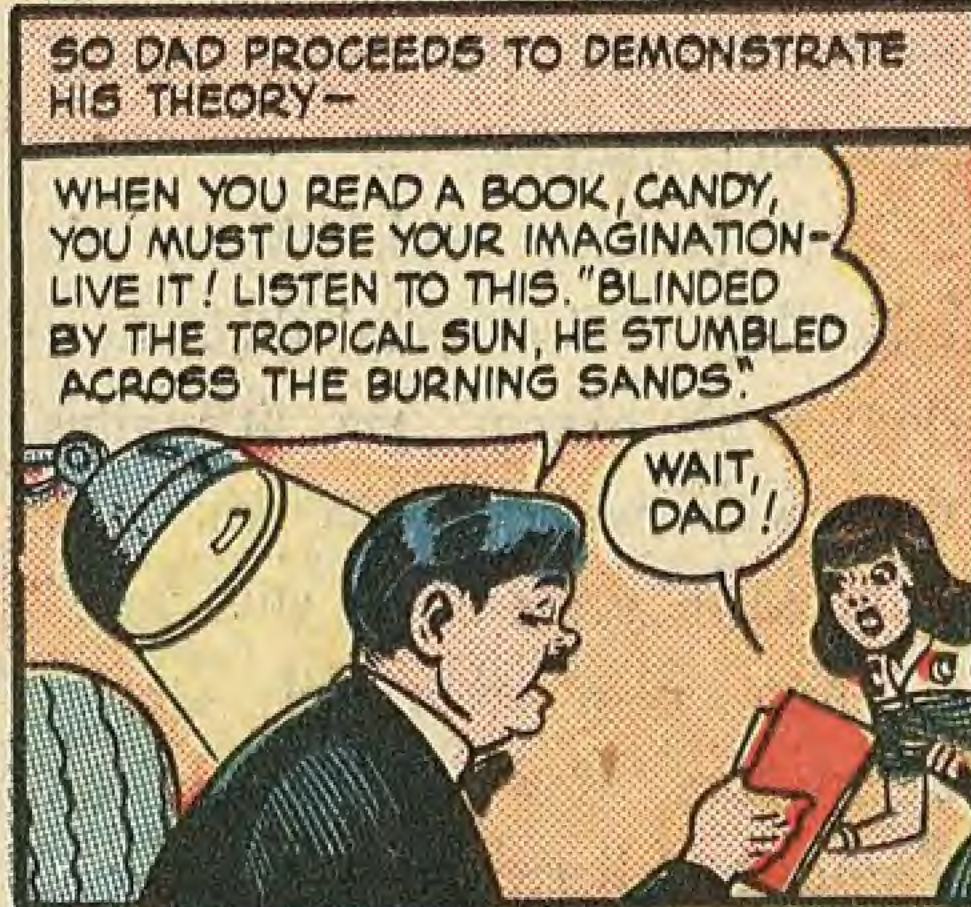
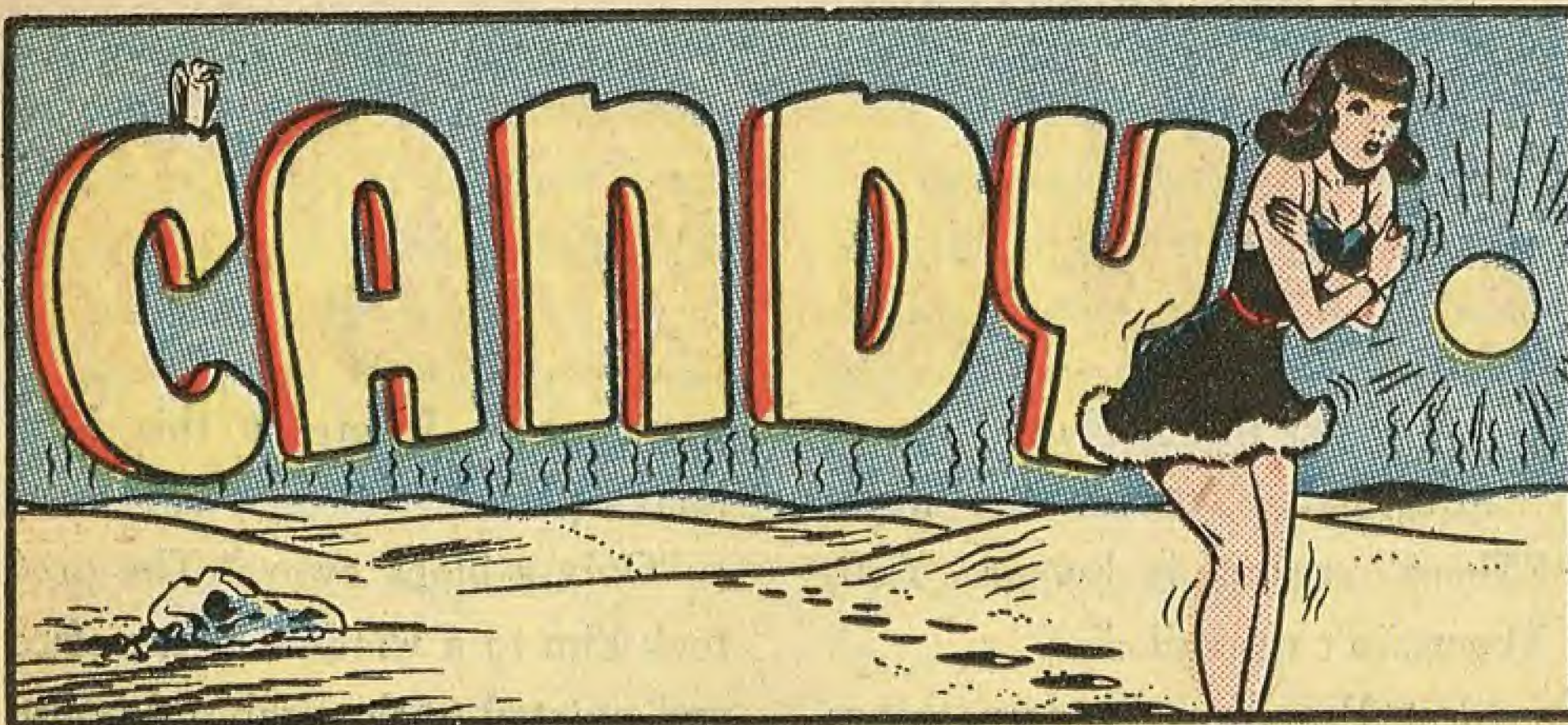














# The LIVING



"THE whole neighborhood's haunted!"

"It's that Mrs. Mott—"

"But they hear the screams everywhere now."

"Always near Mrs. Mott's house," someone corrected.

The policeman said, "Old Tobias over at the museum heard 'em last night. That's a good block from Mrs. Mott's."

"I hear all her roomers are leavin'," said a scrawny woman who sold papers on the corner. "Ye couldn't give me rooms in that house!"

The cop chuckled. "Even with the housing shortage as it is, I'm thinkin' Mrs. Mott's gonna have a hard time of it, with that screamin' comin' outa her place."

Thus the talk ran whenever groups collected at the street corners. The "ghost" of the community. A tale like that gets started and it is always difficult to stop. Someone always suffers, too—in this case Mrs. Mott who kept lodgers for a living.

Mrs. Mott was a hard-hearted landlady who knew a bit about the psychology of human behavior. She didn't believe in ghosts. Well—not exactly. Something *real* was making all the fuss that nightly woke the vicinity around her big house.

"It's cats," said Mrs. Mott. "Plain old alley cats a-fightin'."

"In your house?" Mrs. Jenkins asked. She lived next door.

"They get in somehow."

Mrs. Jenkins shook her head.

"Them screams is human, Mott. Them ain't cat calls."

"But I've seen the darn things traipsin' about the upper halls," Mrs. Mott insisted.

Mrs. Jenkins said, "Mott, it's only that you're seein' them now 'long with hearin' 'em. It's allus that way with ghosts an' you livin' in th' same house with 'em."

There were other ugly stories about Mrs. Mott's lodging house. *Things* had been seen in the night in her house. Strange, shining things with half-human faces. A "mummy" someone called the apparition.

Steve Loomis had searched all over town trying to round up living quarters. What he wanted was simply not to be had at any cost. And the cost didn't worry Steve much. A student at the Museum School, he was taking a course in anthropology.

Old Prof Diggs sympathized with Steve when he returned from a long search of the town. "Only one other place I can think of," he said. "Quarters just like you want. But you can't live there."

"What do you mean?" asked Steve.

The prof told him about the 'haunt' that was supposed to chase people away from Mrs. Mott's house.

Steve roared with laughter. "Oh, boy! That's just the place I

want, prof! Where is this Mrs. Mott's place?"

"Only a block away." The prof took him to a window of his office and pointed to the drab old house a short distance away. "That's it!"

When Steve asked to see the rooms, Mrs. Mott said, "I'll show 'em to you, young man. Come up."

They went up the rickety stairs to the second floor, down a long hall, halting before a door. Mrs. Mott inserted a key and flung the door open.

Steve went in and looked around. Three rooms.

"It's just what I want," he told her. "I'll pay in advance."

Mrs. Mott shook her head. "What's the use?" she said forlornly. "If I take your money, you'll only want it back in a few hours."

"Why?" Steve demanded.

"It's ha'nted," Mrs. Mott replied. "People hear things up here at night."

Steve laughed. "Good! All the more reason why I want it, Mrs. Mott." He paid her. "Think no more about your ghost; I'll get acquainted with him."

That evening, Steve invited one of his school cronies up to his new quarters. Lew was from out of town and didn't know the history of Mrs. Mott's house. He liked the arrangement of rooms. The two lads sat down to enjoy a quiet chat.

About ten o'clock, when Lew



## DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

was just preparing to leave, they heard it: a long, drawn-out scream. It seemed to come from everywhere all at once, and from no particular direction.

Lew jumped. "What the dickens is that?"

"Ghost," said Steve, grinning. "This place is supposed to be haunted."

The scream came again, this time it sounded from an outside window.

Lew pointed. "Good gosh, Steve, look!"

Two huge greenish eyes glared in at them through the window. The scream cut the night again. And this time it was answered from another direction.

"Steve," Lew cried, "maybe they're cats, but I'm leaving here. There's something unholy about this room; I felt it the instant I came in. I'd advise you to get out."

Lew left in haste.

Steve sat down. Those cat yowls didn't set so well. They were unearthly. Creepy. *Were* they cat yowls? Steve shook himself mentally. Certainly they were cats. What else?

He went to bed at midnight. All was quiet and he was soon asleep. But toward dawn something awakened him. It was dark in the bedroom. The sound had come from the living room. He threw the covers back and stepped to the floor. Carefully he crossed the room and looked into the one adjoining.

Dark out there, too. He waited till his eyes got adjusted. Then he saw it. Faintly at first, but slowly taking form, wavering, glowing strangely. The outline of a human face! It got bigger and bigger and

seemed to come toward him. A weird woman's face!

With a muttered cry, Steve pushed the light switch. The face vanished. But Steve could have sworn that a *presence* was in that room. What had it been?

"She looked like an Egyptian," he said to himself. "One of those Egyptian Nile queens. Strange."

He looked over the walls carefully, finding nothing. The hall door was locked. The windows were fastened on the inside.

Nothing could get into the apartment from outside. Then what was all this business?

Prof Diggs was intensely interested in Steve's account of the night's weird happenings. He suggested that an overwrought mind was the cause of the "things."

"Not on your life, Prof," Steve said. "I'm not the kind that gets into a panic over ghosts. I tell you there is a sane reason for that ruckus in the night, and I mean to find out what it is."

"Want me to come over to-night? the prof asked.

"Yes," said Steve. "That'll be fine. You know a lot about Egyptology; mebbe you can figure it out. The cats don't worry me; it's that darned face I saw."

And so Prof Diggs sat with Steve that evening, and they talked of simple things for a couple of hours. At 10:15 the first scream came. It was as before: coming from every direction. Then the answer, from outside the window. The glowing eyes again.

"There—at the window!" exclaimed the prof.

Steve nodded. "Sure—an old cat looking in."

"But what's in here that those cats persist in yelling about the

place?" demanded the prof.

"Let's find out," said Steve. He opened the window. Immediately a huge yellow cat leaped into the room and dashed to an outside corner, scratching at the floor-board and crying in a strange manner.

"Funny," said the prof. "Acts like he's trying to get at something in the wall."

"That's it," said Steve. "What, I wonder?"

Steve, after much fumbling with a steel paper knife, managed to pull the baseboard away from the wall. A hole appeared. He got a flashlight and threw its beam into the yawning hole.

"Gosh!" he cried. "A big cat leaped away from the light!"

The big yellow cat had shot into the hole and it, too, was gone. They heard a tremendous screaming and yowling inside the wall. Then Steve discovered a narrow ledge running around the outside wall. Two cats were spitting at each other on it. His light showed a hole in the clapboards a few feet away—a hole that intersected with the one in the baseboard.

Steve chuckled. "Some old cat's been using that hole as a hide-away, that's all. And other cats are fighting over possession of it."

"Well, there's the ghost all accounted for," said the prof. "But what about the face?"

Steve turned out the lights. They stood in silence for a while. Then slowly Steve saw the image appear in the same place. It grew bigger—the same Egyptian queen's face! He snapped on the light. "I've got it!" he cried. "Look." He went to the wall and said, "Phosphorous. Someone painted a phosphorous image on it. That's all."



# Poison Ivy



C'MON, POISON! I'LL BET MY KIDS CAN BEAT YOU AN' ANY THREE OTHERS IN A TUG-O'-WAR!

I NEVER BET!

I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT, GRANDPA!



YOU'RE ON, BUD! GET YOUR KIDS AND I'LL GET MINE!

OKAY! I'LL ROUND UP THREE FOR MY TEAM!



WAW! THIS IS GONNA BE EASY DOUGH! HIS KIDS AGAINST POISON IVY!

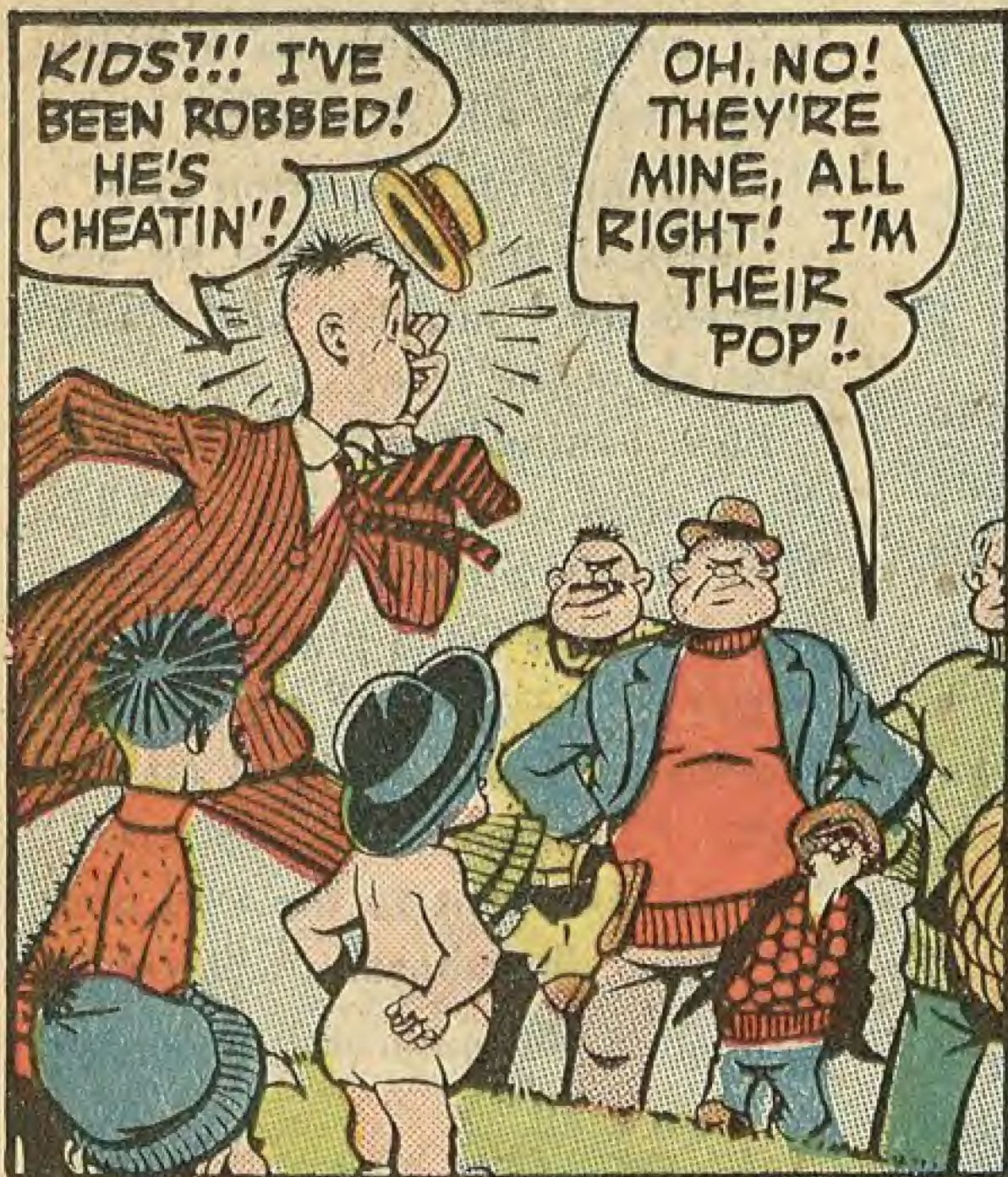


HAW! THERE'S A SUCKER BORN EVERY DAY!



KIDS!!! I'VE BEEN ROBBED! HE'S CHEATIN'!

OH, NO! THEY'RE MINE, ALL RIGHT! I'M THEIR POP!



REALLY, HE'S NOT CHEATIN'! HE HASN'T TIED THEIR END OF THE ROPE TO ANYTHING!





Scrawny and weird  
is *THE MANTIS*, relentless  
devourer of its *OWN  
KIND!*... nightmare  
bug of the insect  
world!... parable of  
the hypocrite!

So, too, was the  
man *MANTIS*, until  
the mighty little  
*DOLL MAN* became  
his whispering  
accuser!

# The DOLL MAN





The office of the  
Prosecuting Attorney...

THANKS FOR  
BRINGING HIM  
IN, SERGEANT!  
LEAVE US  
ALONE FOR  
A MOMENT!

YOU GOT ME DEAD  
TO RIGHTS! I'LL  
PLEAD GUILTY  
AND DO MY  
TIME!



YOU SOUND READY  
TO TAKE YOUR  
MEDICINE! PERHAPS  
YOU'RE SICK OF  
CRIME AND  
TROUBLE!

YES!  
YES, I  
AM!



MAYBE YOU DESERVE  
SOME SORT OF BREAK!  
IF YOU'D HELP THE  
SIDE OF THE LAW--  
TELL US THAT  
MANTIS IS THE  
BRAINS BEHIND  
ALL BIG  
CRIMES ---

YOU SEEM  
TO KNOW  
THAT  
ALREADY! WHY SHOULD  
I CONFIRM  
IT?



BECAUSE WE  
NEED A WITNESS  
TO CONVICT HIM!  
YOUR WORD IN  
COURT WOULD  
HELP!

SINCE YOU'RE  
BEING FAIR TO  
ME, MAYBE  
I'LL AGREE  
TO ---



In a hotel room, just  
across the street...

ARE YOU SURE IT'S DUDE?  
IS HE *TALKING* TO  
THAT PROSECUTOR?



THIS  
TELESCOPIC  
SIGHT BRINGS  
HIM CLOSE,  
MANTIS! I  
CAN READ HIS  
LIPS! -- HE'S  
READY TO  
SPILL THE  
BEANS!

STOP HIM,  
BULLSEYE!



RIGHT  
THROUGH  
THE  
HEAD!

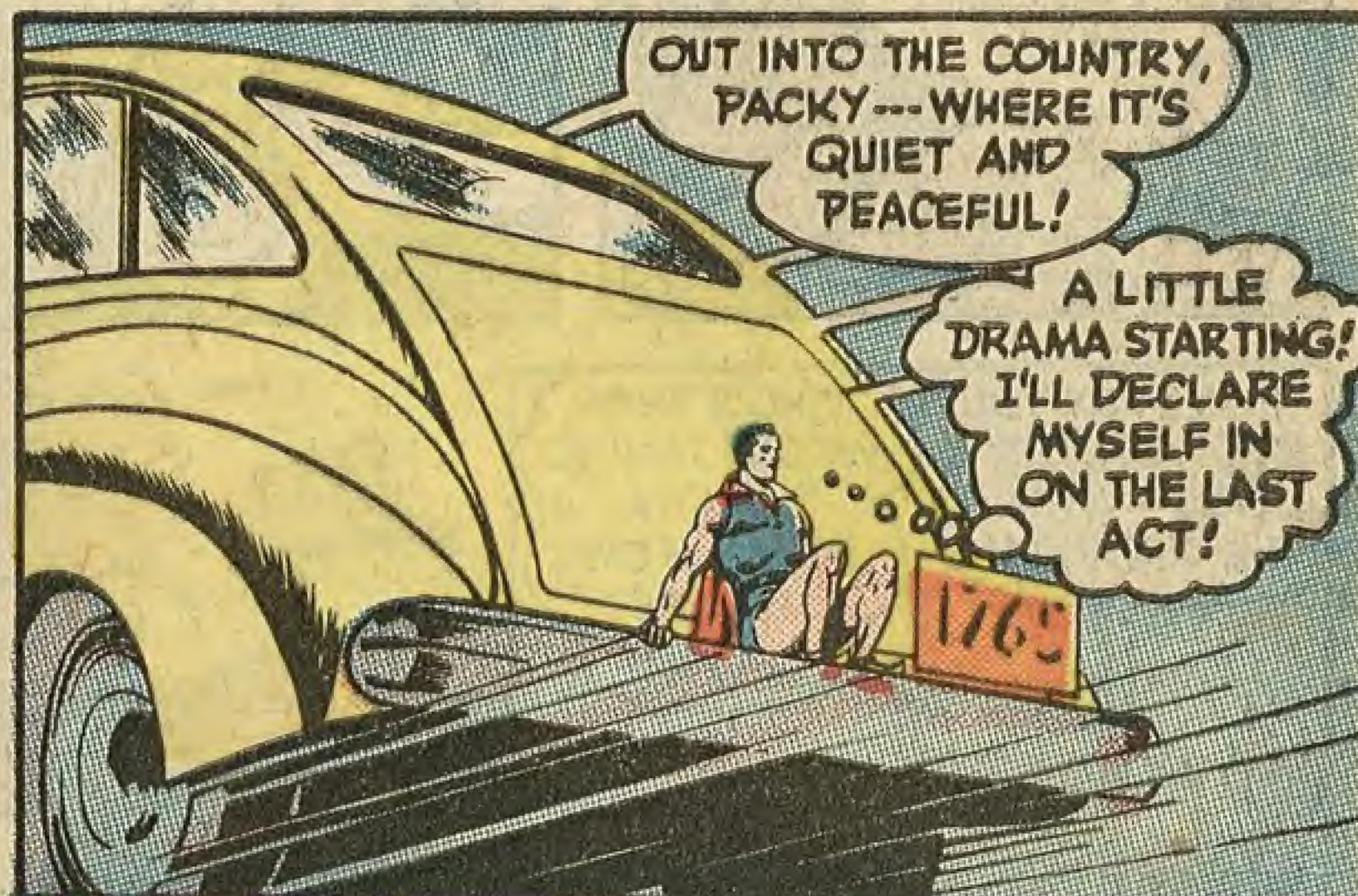




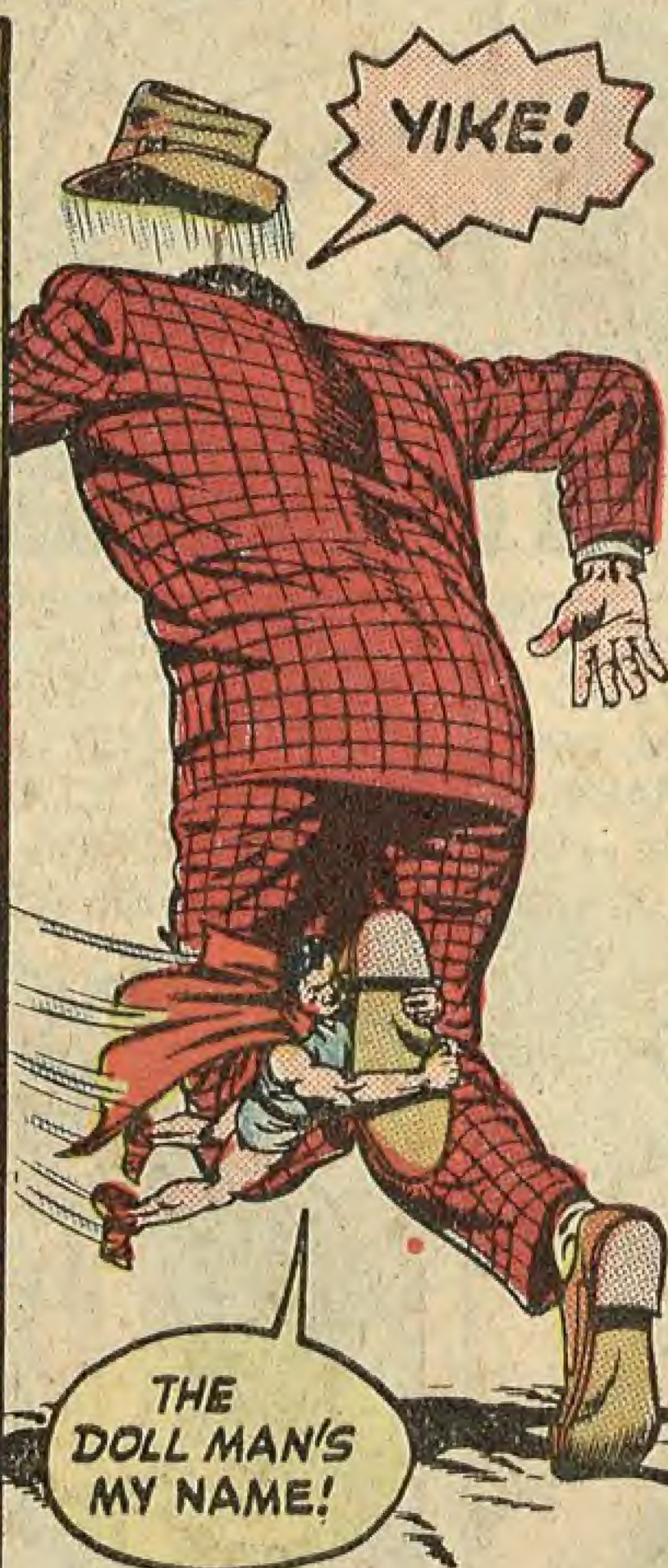
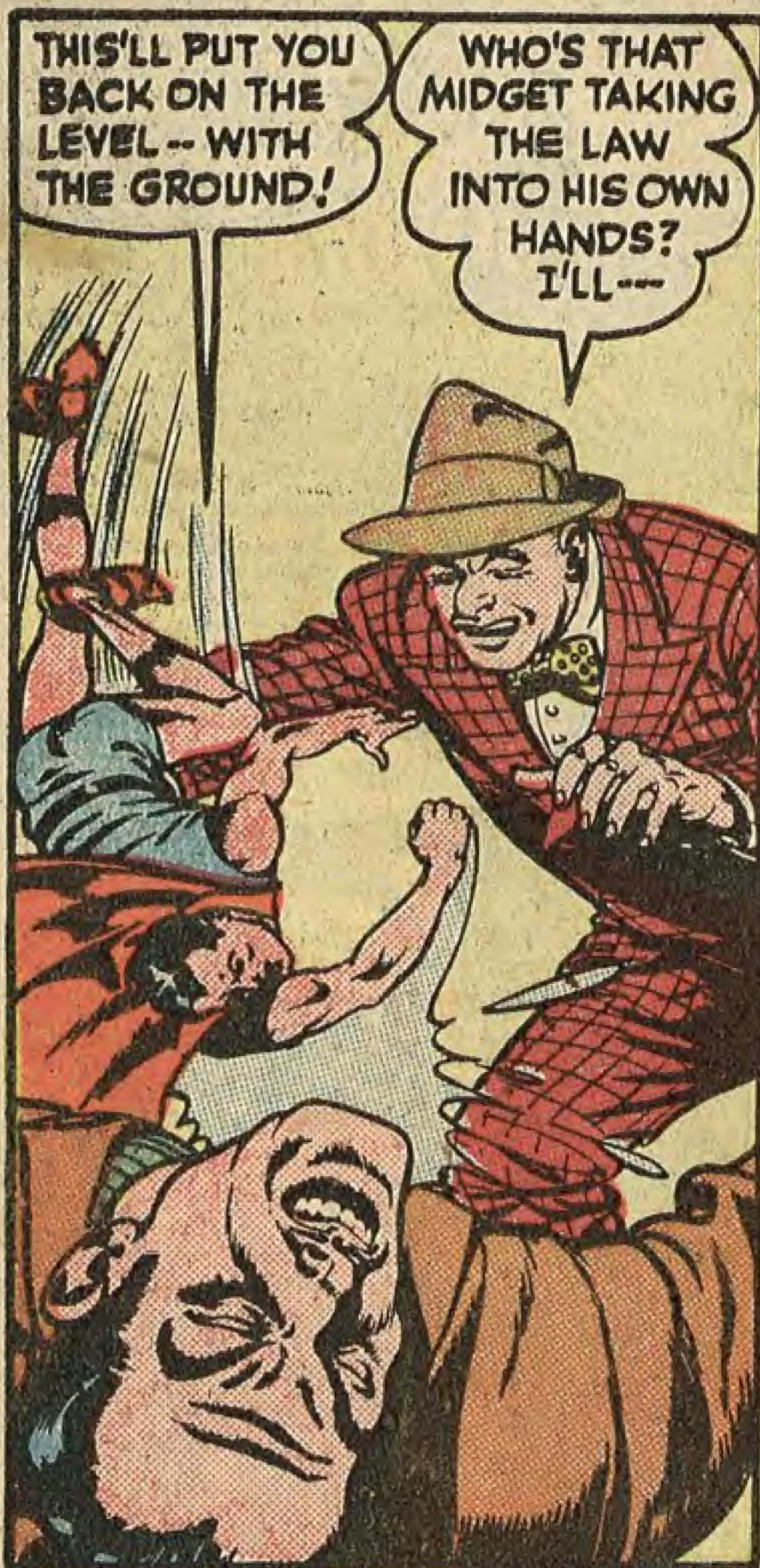
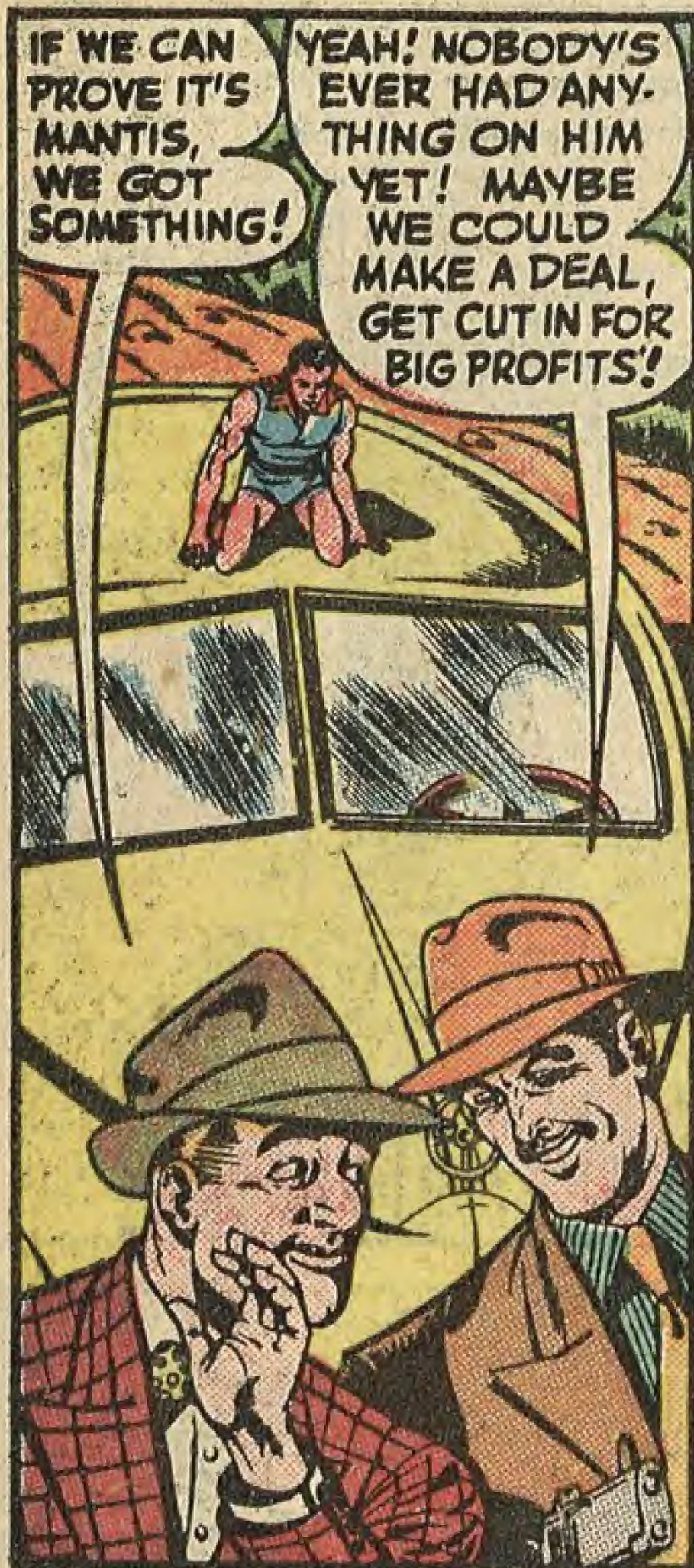
















HORRIBLE! THAT EXPLOSION KILLED THEM BOTH! HOW COULD IT HAPPEN?

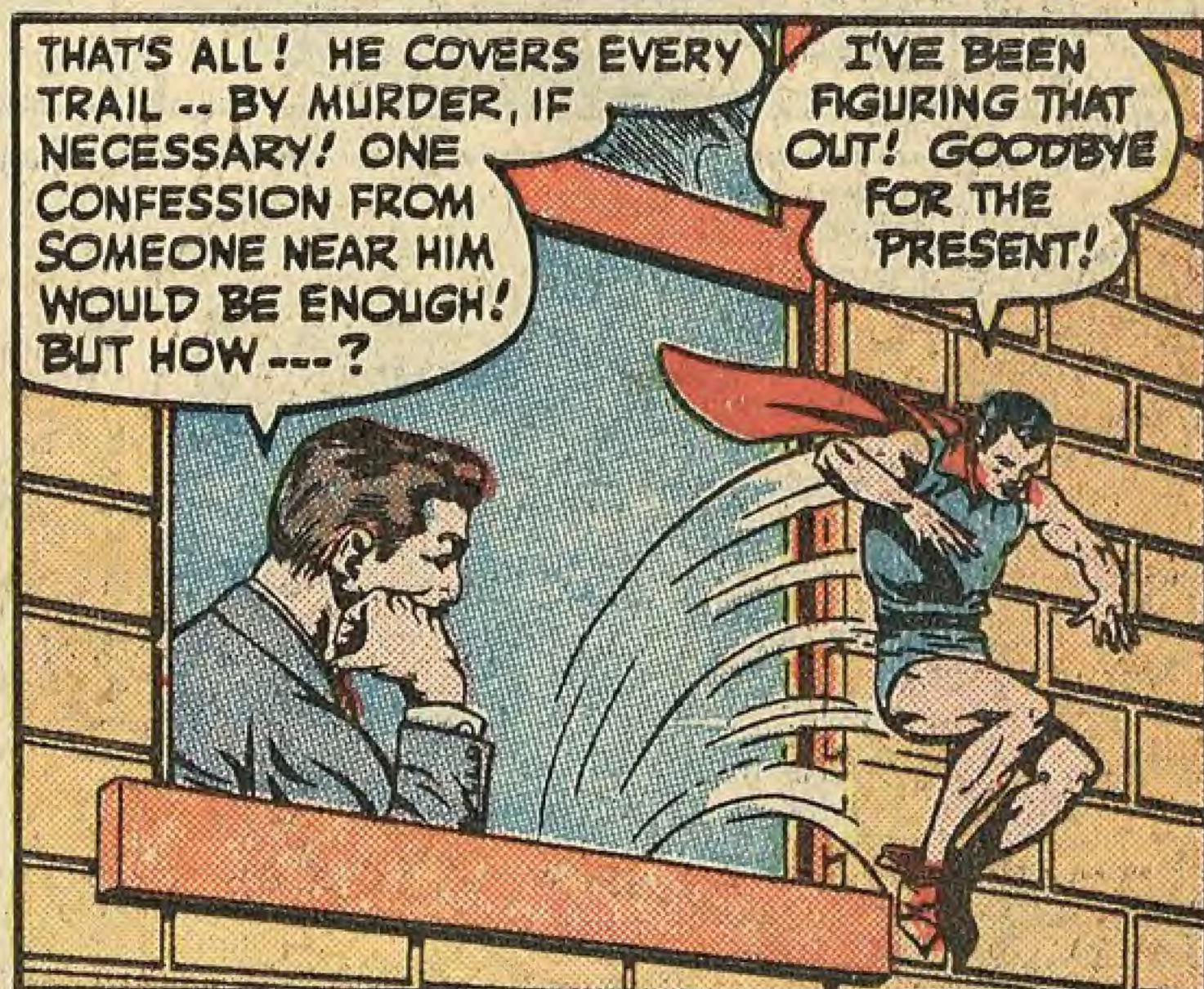
ONLY ONE EXPLANATION! THERE WAS A **TIME BOMB** CONCEALED IN THAT CAR!



WHOEVER SENT THEM AFTER YOU DIDN'T WANT THEM TO COME BACK! HE HID THE BOMB TO DESTROY THEM BEFORE THEY COULD TALK TO ANYBODY!



AND NOTHING MORE THAN SUSPICIONS POINT TO MANTIS?



I'VE BEEN FIGURING THAT OUT! GOODBYE FOR THE PRESENT!

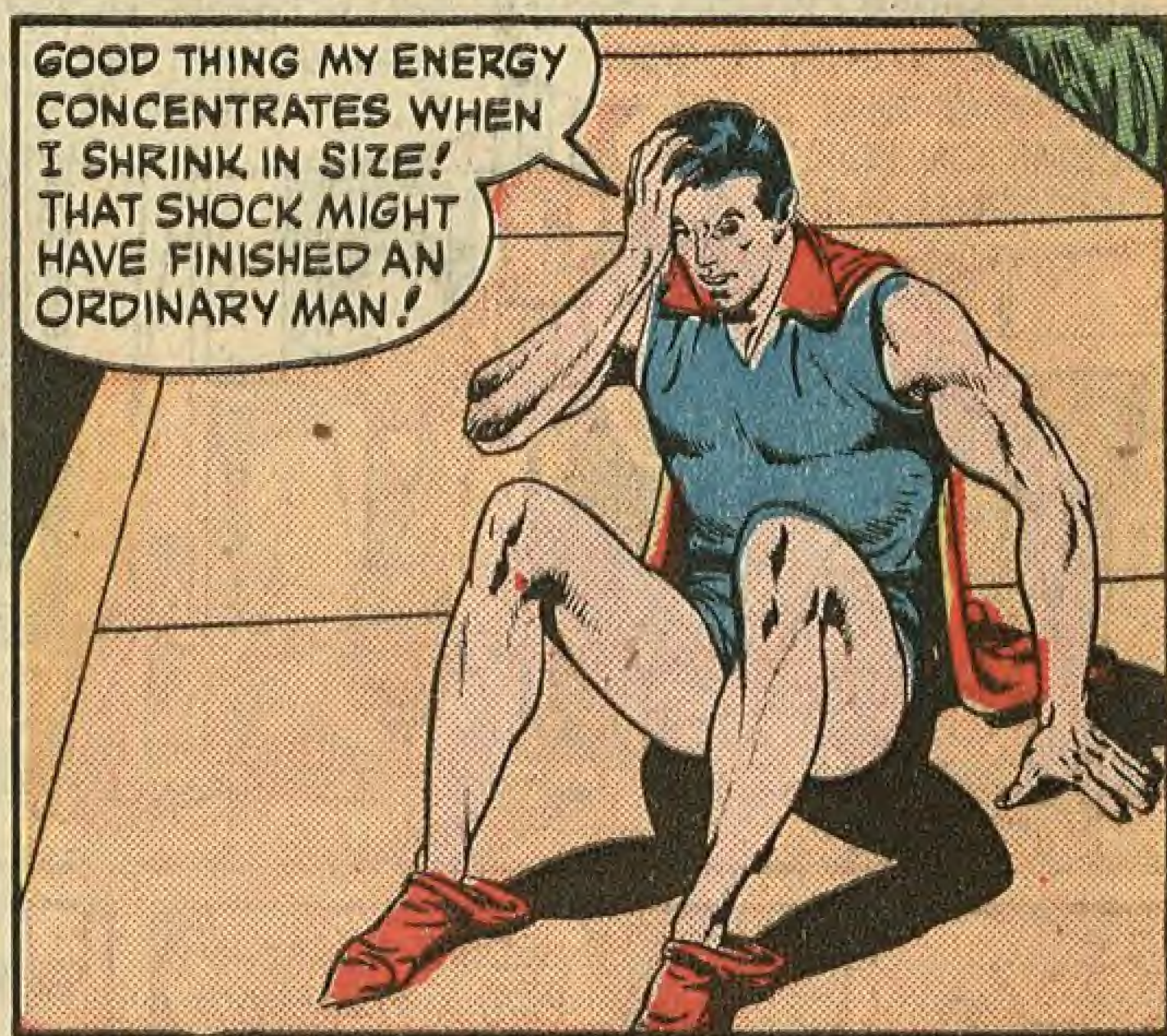
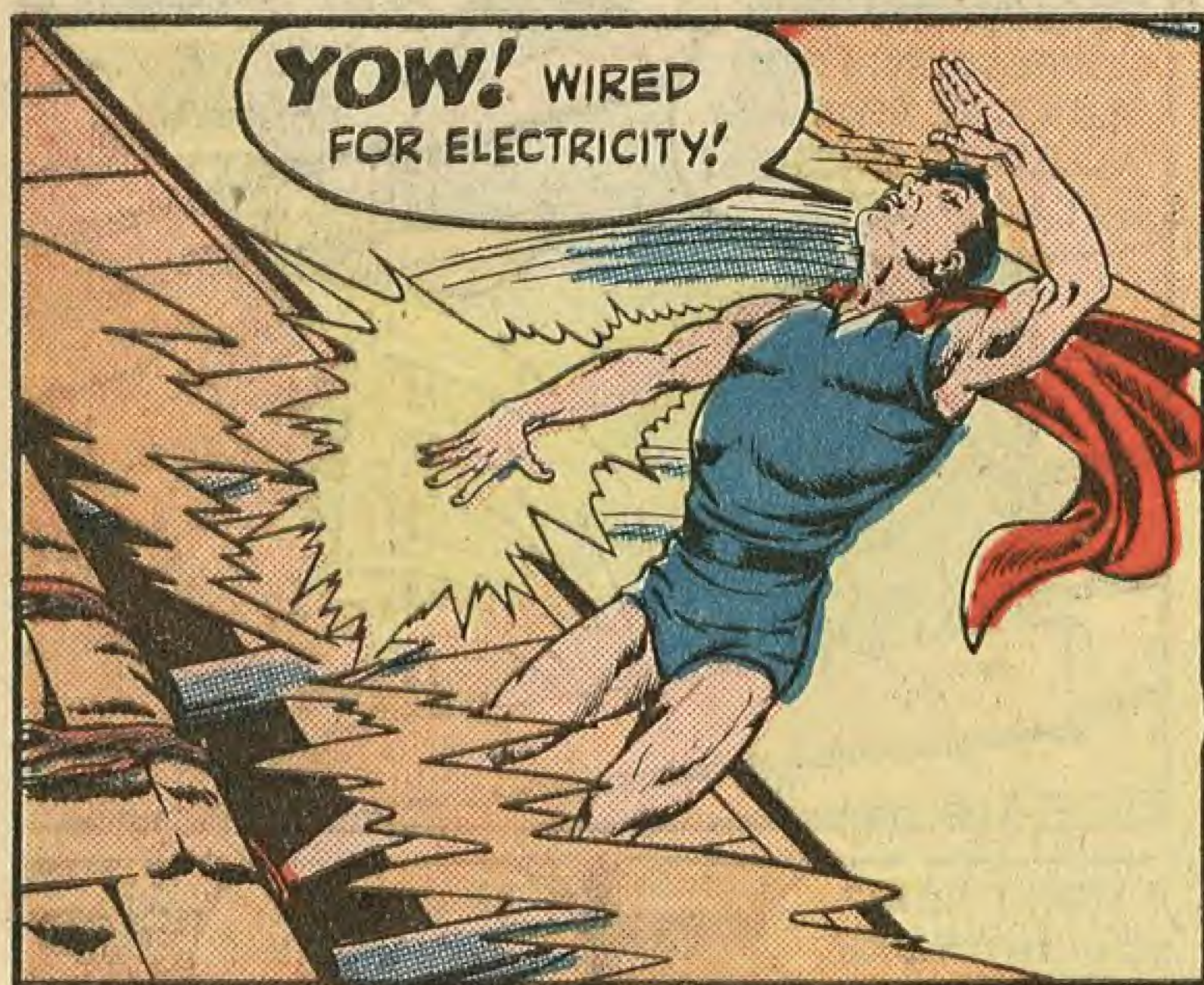


HOME AGAIN... FOR A PLEASANT, PEACEFUL EVENING!



THANK YOU, MR. MANTIS! GOOD NIGHT!

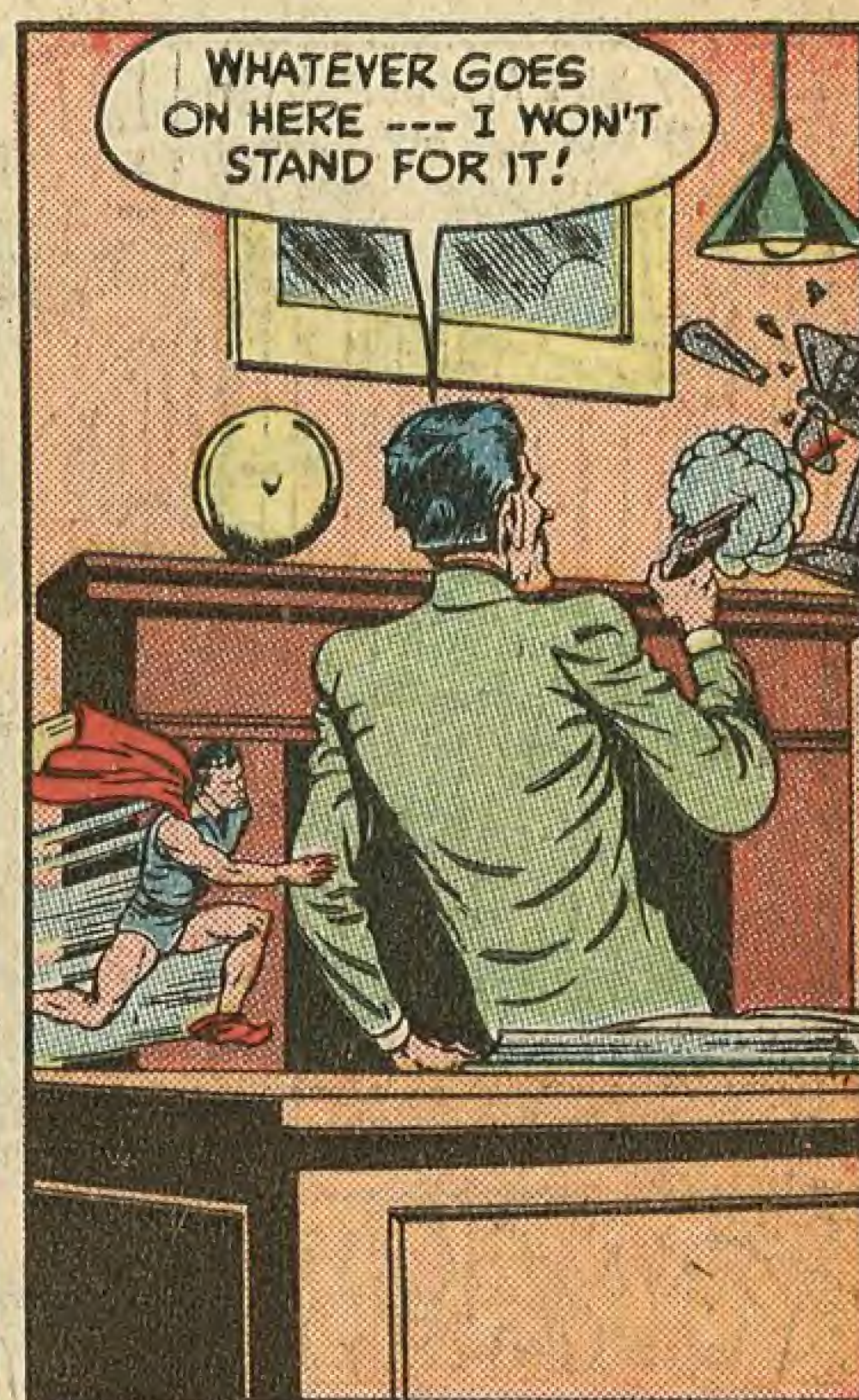








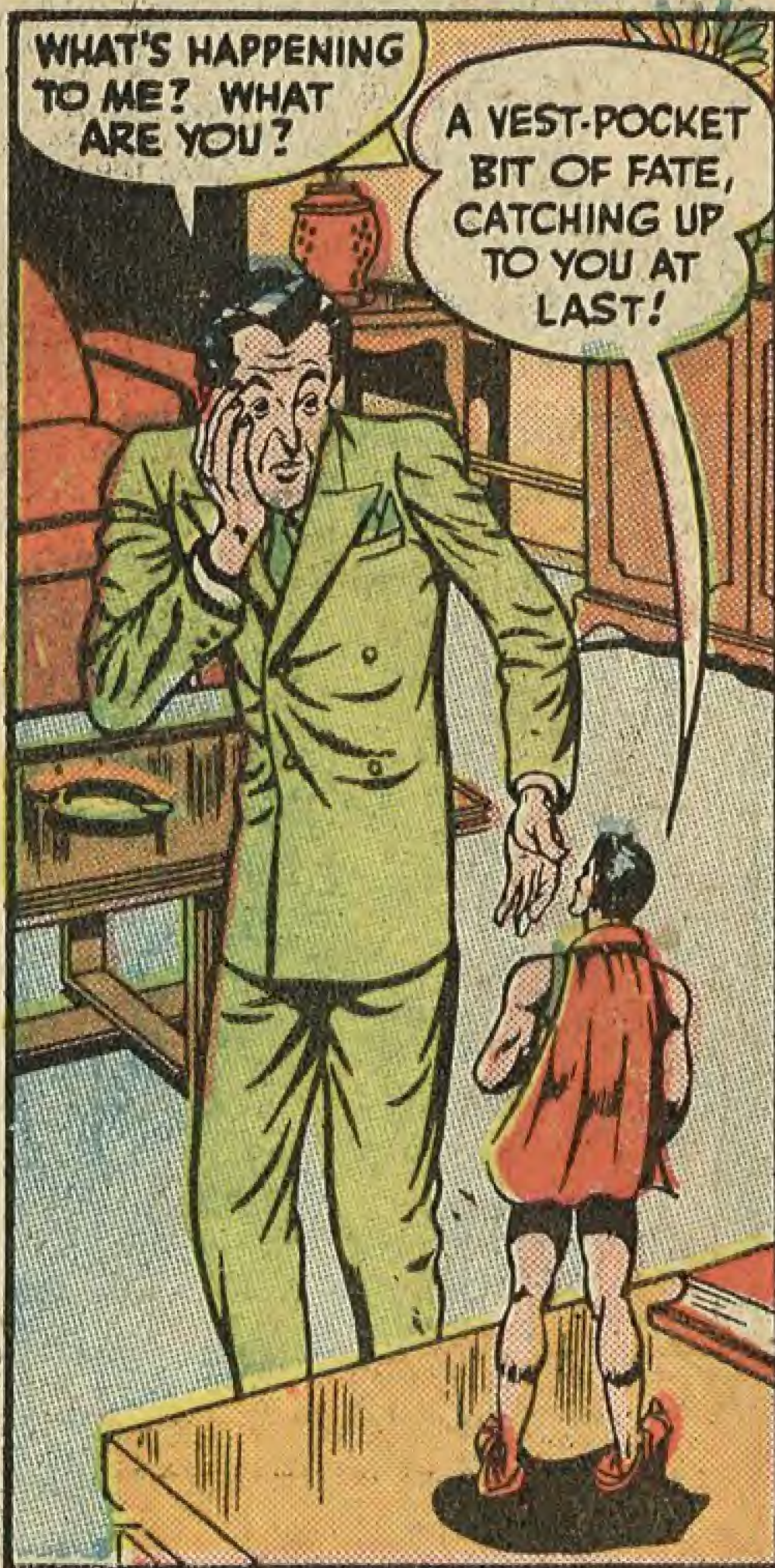
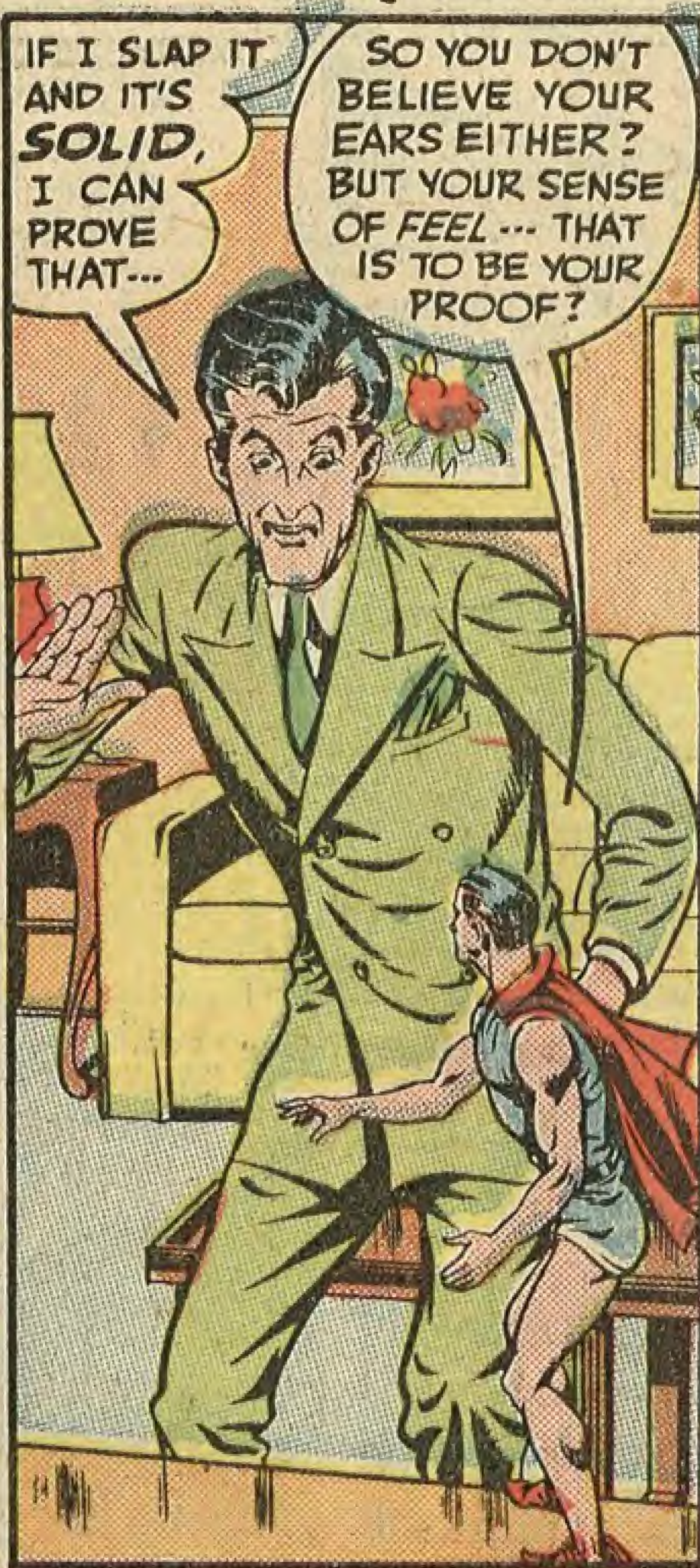




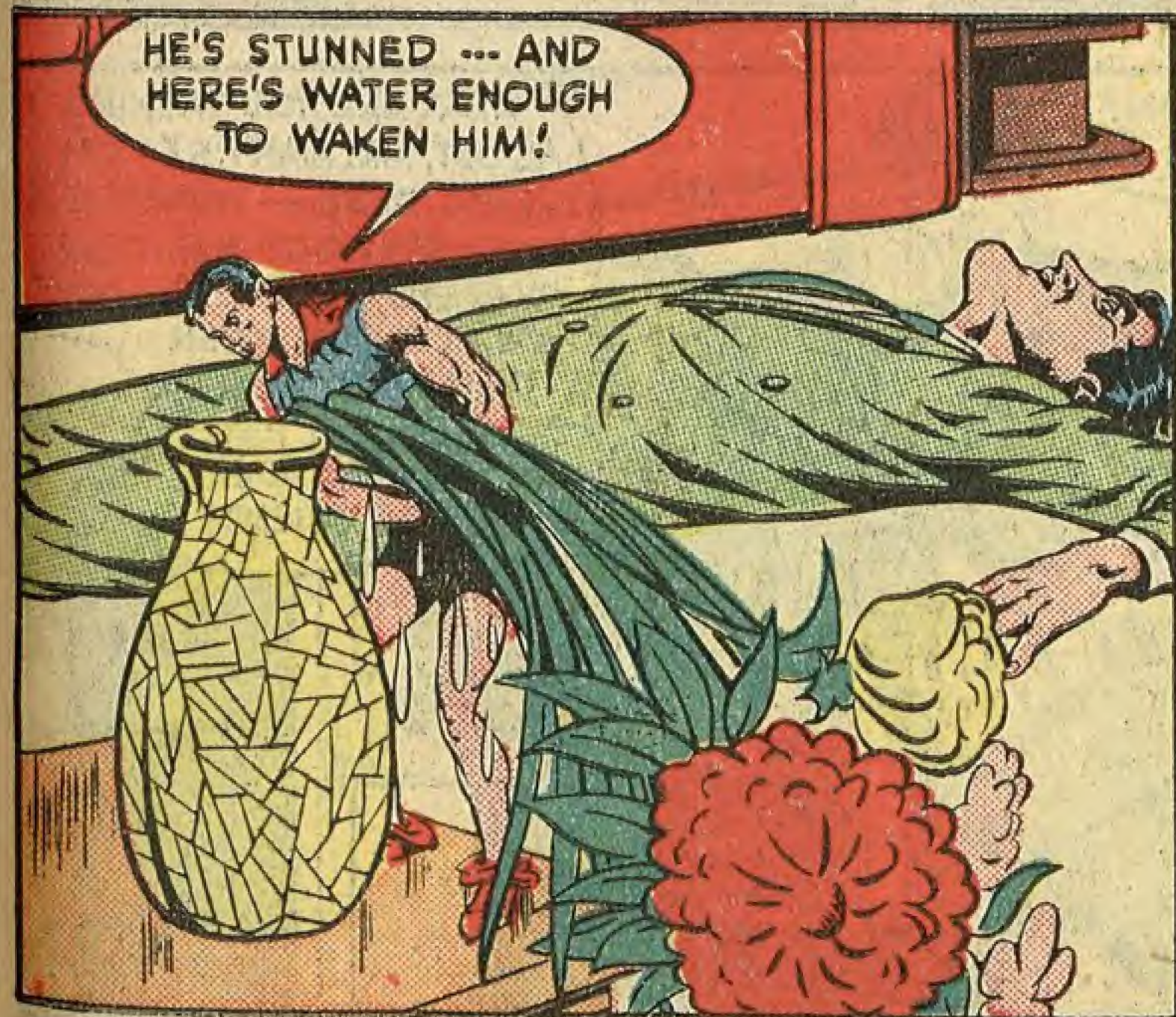
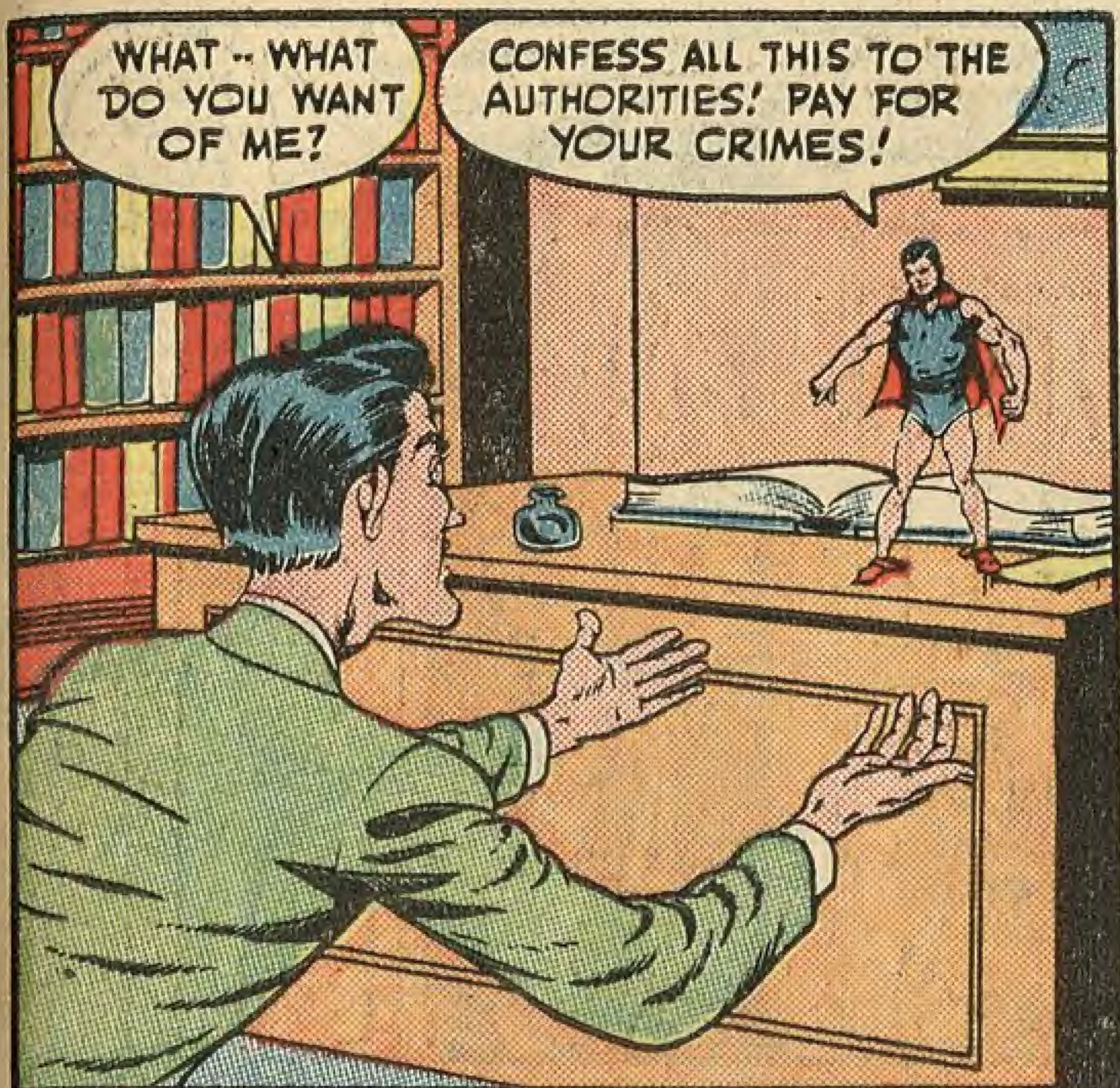




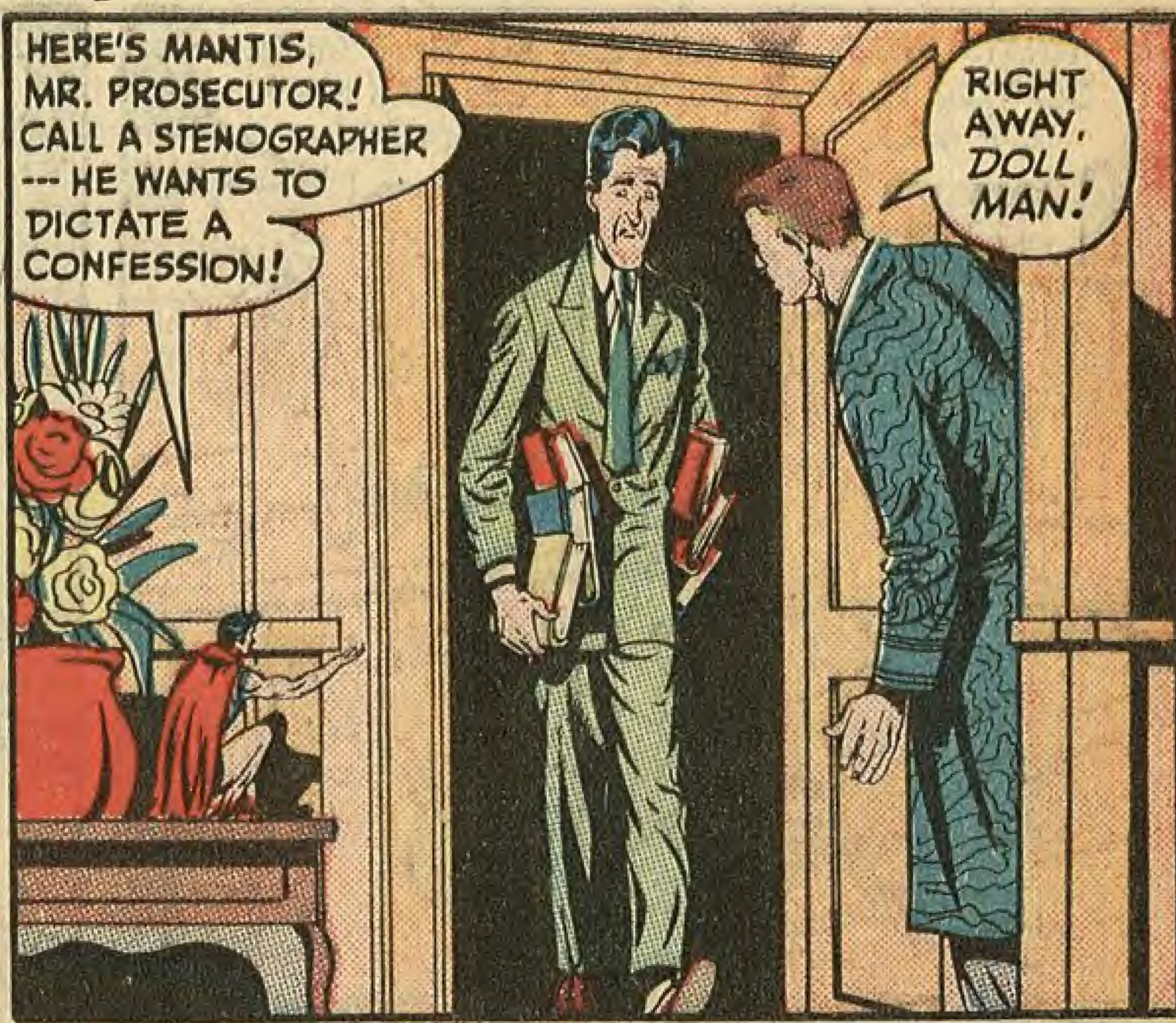














# The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



**I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too  
in Only 15 Minutes a Day!**

**H**AVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of packed with redblooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 87-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

## "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

## You Get Results FAST

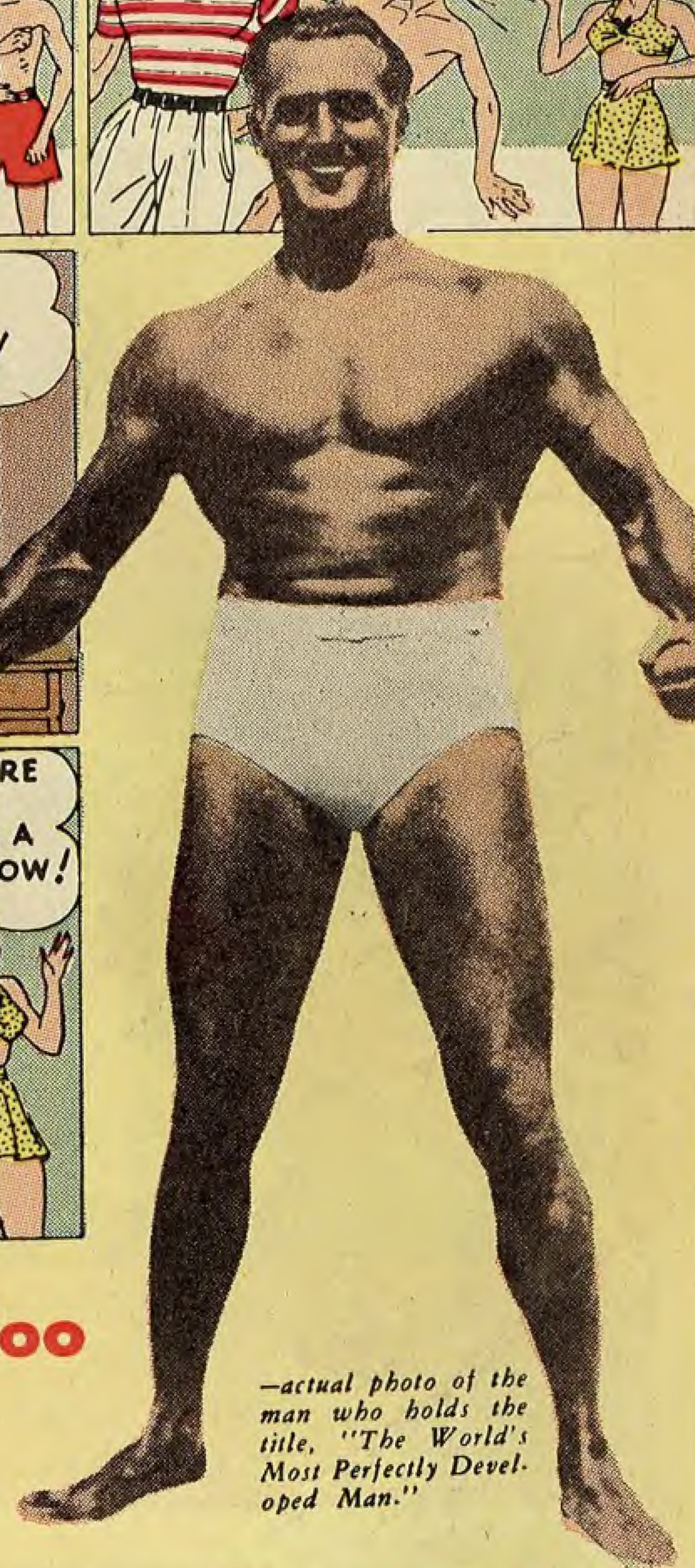
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear

head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

## FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 330H 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330H  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

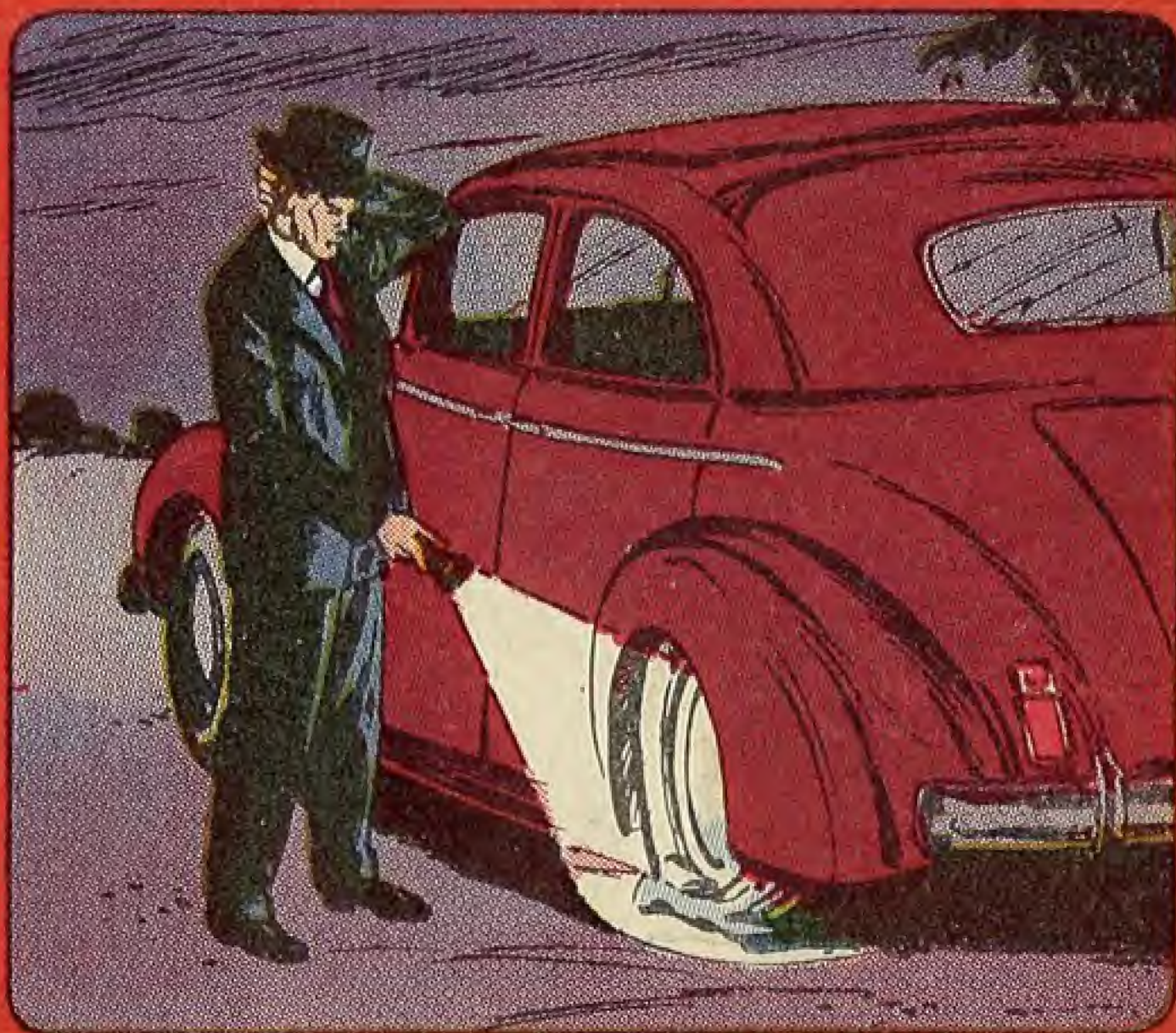
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☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A



# How to CHANGE A TIRE AT NIGHT—

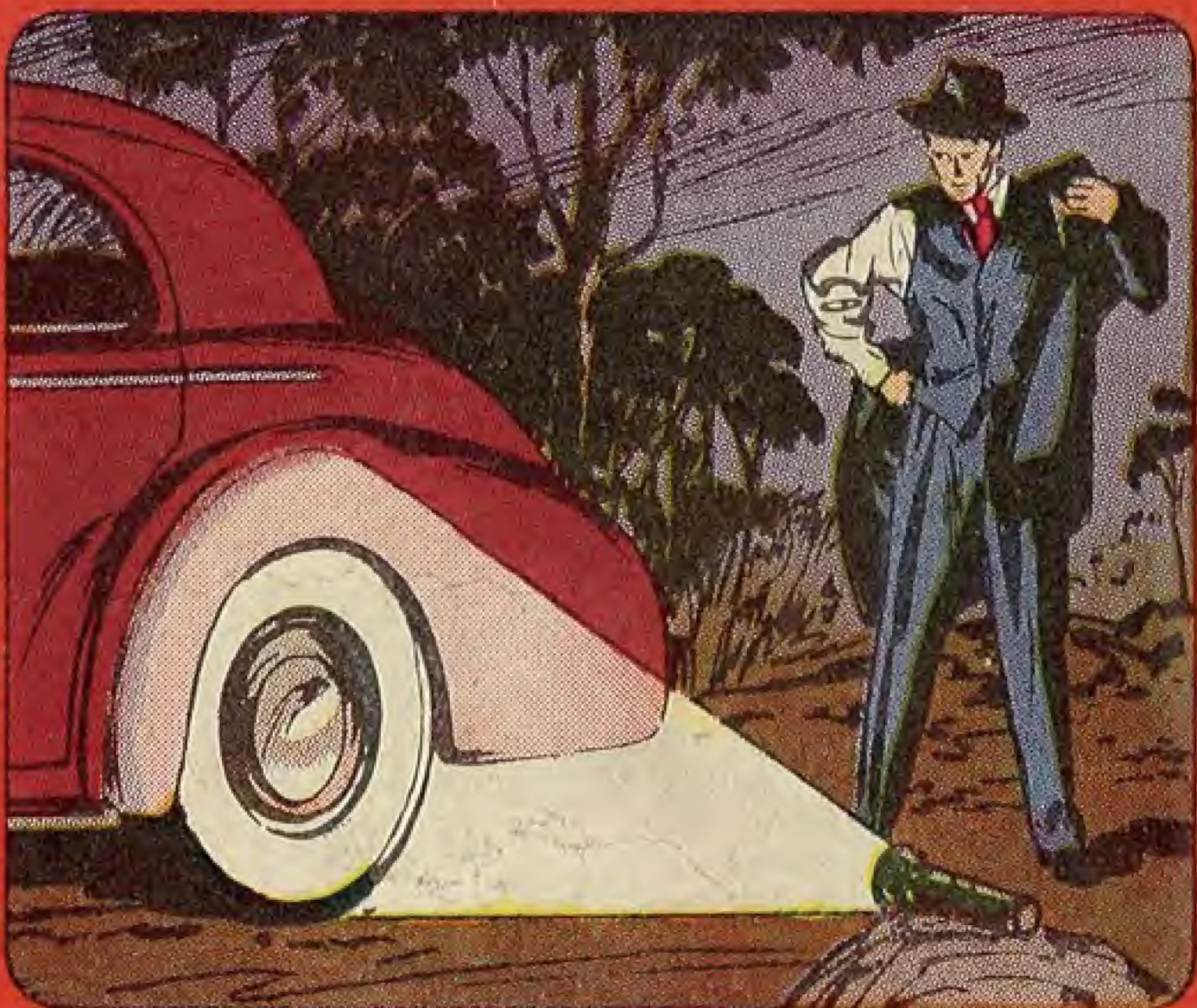
*More Quickly—More Safely!*



**1** Most any motorist can change a tire. But few can change it at night with top speed, efficiency—and *safety*! Night-time tire-changing can be hazardous—but your "Eveready" flashlight can reduce the danger. First principle, says the American Automobile Association, is . . .



**2** Park off the highway, if you can possibly do so. Next best place is on a *straight* stretch of road where you can be seen for at least 500 feet. If you must park on a curve, a light should be set on the road some distance back. Be sure neither you nor a bystander blocks off the view of your tail-light!



**3** Keep all your tire-changing tools tied or boxed *together*, where you can pick them up without searching or fumbling. Remove your spare *before* jacking up the car: removing it later might push your car off the jack. If alone, set flashlight on a stone in convenient position.

**4** In your car or at home—wherever you need a flashlight—rely only on "Eveready" batteries. Ask for them by name. For "Eveready" batteries have no equals . . . that's why you'll find them in *more* flashlights than any other battery in the world!

**NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.**

30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

The registered trademark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

**EVEREADY**  
TRADE-MARK



*For*  
**EXTRA POWER,  
EXTRA LIGHT  
—AT NO  
EXTRA COST**